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Strange Incidents

In Mexico, Hawaii, and the
United States.



BY DOCTOR JOHN HUNTER

La Feria, Texas.





Repub. by John Hunter,

Strange Incidents¹³¹

In Mexico, Hawaii, and the
United States.



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PREFATORY

Many times I have related to friends the experiences of my nomadic career, and invariably they have insisted that my stories be published in book form. While such was never contemplated, I am yielding to the oft-repeated request.

It is not necessary to state further concerning my origin than that I sprang into existence through old Eve's generosity in dividing her apple with Adam. Had she not manifested her unselfish passion these incidents would never have been penned, because old Adam would yet be a blissfully ignorant celibate basking in the shadows of Eden eating strawberries.

Hearsay evidence is not admitted in a court room, and is not dependable under other circumstances; however, it is not a questionable assertion to say that I was born somewhere at some time, but whatever else I might say regarding the event would be but hearsay because it is certain I have no personal recollection of the affair.

I have been frequent told that my old negro nurse said at the time of my birth, "Dat chile sure is born under de onlucky star," and whether it was believed then or not, time and facts have taught me to respect her as a creature whose name should be enrolled among those of the great astronomers.

Since my earliest recollections of youthful days on the Brazos River in Washington County, Texas, there has never been a year during which I did not incur some accident which I cannot forget. My venturesome disposition led me frequently into grief. Many times I have been seriously injured by runaway horses, maddened cattle and vicious dogs. I have almost constantly carried some part of my anatomy in a sling, or under bandages or splints of some kind. Three times I have been rendered unconscious by accidents. Before I had reached the age of 21 I had been twice stabbed and three times shot accidentally, and at this writing I am on crutches, the result of an automobile accident.

I have had a broken arm, a fractured cheek, a dislocated wrist, a sprained ankle and a broken heart, from the latter of which I have never recovered.

My youthful days were spent in hunting opossums with

"Coons," playing pranks on teachers at little red school houses and carrying out in part the directions of a doctor.

At the age of 16 I left home and earned the price of scholastic and medical information, having acquired credentials at Bellevue and Atlanta. I adopted the medical profession because of a desire to emulate my illustrious father, which, in many particulars, I have failed to do.

My father organized a regiment over which he presided as Colonel during the war between the States, and I was a kettle drummer for my father at the age of 10 years. He devoted fifty-six of the best years of his life to the practice of medicine, and I have already given more than fifty, hence we have given in the aggregate more than one hundred and six years to suffering humanity. It is safe to say one-third of that time has gone to charity; one-third to those who could but would not pay, and the remaining third to those who paid us money we could not keep. I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but the Civil War converted it into pewter.

I have filled many offices in medical societies, varying from secretary to president. At one time I was Chief Surgeon of a Government hospital in the Islands of Hawaii. I was a Lieutenant in the United States Public Health Service, and Major in the Medical Corps of the Mexican Federal Army in time of war. The only injury sustained during the latter war referred to, aside from insulting my stomach with frijole beans and billy-goat bakes, was a wound upon the back of my hand which has left a permanent scar. There was a shortage of saddles, as well as food, and I was provided with a buggy, perhaps with malice and aforethought, as I was not notified that the buggy was drawn by a beautiful mare that would run away every time she passed down an incline. The road led down a steep grade at an approach to the San Juan River, and as soon as the breeching became taut upon her haunches she began to run. Not only did she run; she kicked at every jump.

I could see the water straight in front of me and I was sure I was going to be baptized in the name of the Republic of Mexico. But the road made a sharp turn just at the water's edge and there the mare left me. The buggy was turned upside down and formed a canopy which protected my prostrate form from the big raindrops which fell from a drifting cloud.

When the buggy was lifted I promptly gained my feet,

and though my hand was aching intensely, I congratulated myself on not having been forced into an open-air bath at midnight in December.

A few nights later, while escaping the enemy with our hospital on wheels, I found two eggs at a Mexican hut and I bought them at a price of 25 cents each. It was during the second night of an almost foodless thirty-six-hour fight, hence the eggs were a great find. I ate one of them and gave the other to Colonel Perez. He very courteously returned it to me, saying, "One egg will do neither of us any good, so you eat them both." I put it in my pocket, but through fear I would break and lose it I cracked off the shell at one end and though I could not see what I was doing I poured it down my throat. I nearly choked. I recognized the difficulty and I tried to catch the chick by the tail, but it slipped through my fingers. Since that time I eat no eggs in the dark.

I have practiced medicine in Florida, Georgia, Tennessee, New York City, Texas, the Hawaiian Islands and a number of places in Mexico. My many changes of base will, in a measure, account for the unusually checkered experience I have had.

I have not abandoned the profession, as many of my friends have done, because of a love of it and the pleasure of doing good to others, that to which a third of my life has been devoted. I yet have a hope of meriting the simple epitaph, "An Ethical Physician."

In granting friendly requests I have reduced to writing a few of the many incidents of my life, without regard to rotation, and they are published accordingly. They have been written in plain truth, without the slightest intention or desire to emboss, embellish or be funny. They were intensely interesting to me at the time they occurred, and they are published with the modest hope that they will prove entertaining to at least some of those who may read them.

Experience has forced me to credit the assertion, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Second

"A COSTLY MULE"

In the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, a Mexican peon brought me a specimen of ore which assayed thirty dollars gold and twenty dollar silver to the ton. Of course that made it a

very desirable buy, and the man urged me to buy it outright, but knowing the wily peon as I did I preferred a personal inspection first. A price was agreed upon in case the purchase proved advisable, and a day was appointed upon which to meet the peon at the Fuerte River, which flowed quite near the peon's home.

Armed with a rifle, a pistol, a pack mule and a peon, I started on my first trip as a mine seeker. At the end of the first day I reached the river at the point agreed upon. It was a regular crossing, but was for the time abandoned as it was the wet season, during which all water courses are too full to be forded.

On the bank of the river there was a house which had been built by the Jesuits. It was a long, one-story building of several rooms all in a row. Like most houses of adobe, it had a dirt roof and a dirt floor. The house was constructed several hundred years ago and was leaky and dangerous from age. Several Mexicans and Indians, who eked an existence through handling cattle, resided in it.

Jesus Angelo was the name of the man who was to meet me at that place, and when he was inquired after the eldest of the inhabitants replied, "El va venir pronto." (He will come soon.)

About every half hour I repeated my inquiry, and invariably received the same reply.

The sun was sinking in the western horizon and I was growing anxious. Fearing I would not see Jesus Angelo that night, I sent one of the Indians after him. The fellow went away mounted on a mule of his own and he disappeared in a sweeping gallop. The mule galloped, but what mule would not gallop under similar circumstances? He was a misareble, dejected specimen, but he yielded to the influence of a pair of spurs which weighed about two pounds each and supplied the animation.

Just before dark all of the other men mounted horses and rode away without giving any explanation of their actions. They simply locked the doors and rode away, leaving me in possession of the veranda and a rawhide cot upon which to spend the night.

At 10 o'clock the Indian courier had not returned, and notwithstanding I was still more uneasy, I removed my clothing and went to bed.

About midnight I dreamed the men I had seen ride away had returned to rob or kill me. At that selfsame moment

I was aroused by a terrible clatter of horses' hoofs, and horsemen made a wild rush upon the veranda. Suddenly the noise ceased, and a deathlike stillness was more appalling than the noise had been. Still somewhat dazed from the deep sleep from which I had been so ruthlessly aroused, I raised my head from the pillow and looked around me. I saw a large number of men standing upon the veranda within thirty feet of my cot, and the natural inference was that they had returned in fulfillment of my dream.

Wishing to make no mistake I hailed them, but under the excitement of the moment I addressed them in English and there was no reply. Without further hesitation, and without leaving the cot, I raised upon my elbow and fired. The sharp crack of the rifle and a writhing upon the floor told an unmistakable story, and the men scattered like frightened sheep.

I had selected one of the objects as my target, hoping to get more than one with my first shot as they appeared several deep and my rifle was of great penetration.

Not only did the men run in different directions, but they yelled like goats under the knife. With one accord they exclaimed: "Estamos amigos! Estamos amigos!" (We are friends! We are friends!) The voices sounded as though emanating from a thousand throats, but in reality came from but two.

The Indian courier and Jesus Angelo were drunk. They had rushed upon the veranda, dismounted and stood by the heads of their mules, and every mule, tree trunk and post in the neighborhood seemed to be a man on the veranda.

The mule owned by the Indian had received a bullet through its brain as it stood by the side of its drunken master, and now laid stiff in death upon the floor.

Of course the mule had to be paid for, and being dead its value was much enhanced. One hundred and fifty dollars for a thirty-dollar mule was extortionate, but to contend in the courts would entail untold difficulties. On the following morning the price of the mule was paid and the journey continued.

The supposed mine could never be found. The peon had simply indulged in the favorite pastime of his ilk, deception.

Four days of hard riding, and the privilege of paying for a dead mule, was all I reaped for my venture.

Third

"IN A CATACOMB OF KINGS"

Tradition has long told of a cave in Hawaii which was reserved for the bodies of Kings and such men as fell in wars. No one seemed to know of the real existence of the cave, yet everybody talked about it.

I gained the confidence of many of the older Hawaiians, and from one of them learned there was such a cave and I was told the history of it.

Only three persons at any one time were permitted to know the facts concerning it. My informant was one of the three existing at that time. At the death of any one of the three the remaining two would select another and swear him by a terrible oath never to take anyone to the cave, or divulge any of its secrets without the knowledge and consent of the others. For any violation of the oath the violator was bound to enter the cave and there starve himself to death amid the bones of those who had preceded him. After this, they would take a new member to the cave and introduce him to its mysteries. In this way the knowledge of the cave has been perpetuated from a time which pre-dates the knowledge of man.

Learning the names of the other two men who were in possession of the secret, I invited them to meet the informant at my home. I entertained them into the wee small hours of the night when everyone else was asleep. I filled them with beer and champagne until they were in a good humor and a communicative mood.

Before they had left the house I had bribed them into a promise to take me to the cave. I was cautious to see that they were not too drunk to know what they were saying, or would forget what they had said.

It was agreed the trip would be made at night and I was to be blindfolded, kept so until within the cave, and must go under penalty of death should I ever violate the fearful oath I would be required to take. In all of this I readily acquiesced and the Hawaiians left the house, but without having appointed a time for the visit to the cave. I was simply to await the will of the three.

It was 12 o'clock on a dark, drizzly night that they came and they lead a riderless horse. I was hoodwinked and the oath administered. Then I was assisted to the saddle and we rode away, mounted upon four Kanaka ponies which

weighed about seven hundred pounds each. The horse ridden by me was lead by one of the Kanakas. I was not permitted to take the reins in my hands.

They made a long and tortuous route to confuse me on direction, and in this they succeeded beyond a doubt. It was certain we traveled every point of the compass—a fact proved by the wind, which struck us at times on the back, in the face and on the side.

They wound and twisted through fields of blooming cane, the bright tassels of which bobbed and nodded in the breeze like so many spooks, lending assent to the wierd undertaking. They climbed through rocky gulches, passed through dense forests and crossed prairies of well-grown grass. Finally they came to a stop in what I supposed was an open prairie, and I was told to dismount.

The natives tied the animals to the tall grass, as only natives can do, and they led me a short distance away on foot. Then we went down through a hole in the rocks which was barely large enough to admit the body of an oversized man.

After we had felt our way a few feet down in the darkness they exacted a renewal of the oath, removed the hood-wink from my eyes and lighted several candles.

I was in a rather uncomfortable position, because neither of the natives could speak English and I was not able to comprehend all that they said. They seemed not much more than half civilized, and I was entirely at their mercy. However, I knew they had a profound respect for a medical man and this nerved me through the task.

The passageway turned to the right and to the left as it wound its way down. Pretty soon we entered a large and commodious apartment. The floor had been leveled and roomy shelves had been cut in the walls. The shelves extended, one above the other, clear up to the ceiling and ran all around the room from one side of the entrance to the other.

It was the old Hawaiian custom to place bodies of the nobility in the cave stretched out to full length. All others were bound up in a heap with ropes made of native fiber. Thus it was an easy matter to determine the former standing of a man by the position in which his bones were found. The bones of royalty were stretched upon the shelves and the others were piled upon each other in the center of the room.

The bones upon the shelves were accompanied by spears, stone adzes, battleaxes and many other implements used by the individual in time of tribal war. There were also many other things of interest in the cave, such as calabashes, poi beaters, hair necklaces and feather cloaks, many of which were in decay. There is but one specimen of these cloaks in existence today which is in a perfect state of preservation. It is in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu and is valued at one million dollars. They were worn only by royalty and cost the labor of years in accumulating the feathers of which they are made. There was a tiny little bird in the islands, now extinct, which had but two yellow feathers, one in each wing. Of these little feathers the cloaks were made, so it can readily be seen how many thousands of the innocent little creatures are represented in each cloak.

The necklaces were made of hair, cut many times, from the heads of women killed by order of the King on account of the wealth of their hair. They consist of braids braided into braids. They begin with three strands of hair to the braid and end in a braid two to three inches in diameter, finishing a work of great ingenuity. All of the stone articles were in a state of perfect preservation and were perfect specimens of Hawaiian handiwork which spoke volumes for the genius of the untutored savages who constructed them with implements of their own make.

There was a passway leading around the circular space in the center of the room. This center was piled high with human bones. There were bones of hundreds of braves who had died in battles fought, many times, for very trivial things.

I was told the coat in which Captain Cook was killed had long been a bone of contention among the tribes; that its possession was looked upon as a mark of distinction and many a hard battle had been fought on account of it. A noble-hearted chief once won it at the cost of half of his following. It had been always understood that the first man who died in the Cook coat should be buried in it, and thus put a stop to tribal strife on account of it. Accordingly, this man of peace, who had won it in battle forced upon him, wore it into the cave and starved himself to death in it in order to stop the carnage which resulted from its possession.

The sheen of the brightly polished walls and shelves dazzled my eyes even in the dim candlelight. Upon one of the shelves as low down as a man's waist there was a gleam of

brightness emanating from a few small spots much brighter than the rest. Upon inquiry I was told the sheen came from the spot where the chief had died in the Cook coat. I moved over to that particular shelf and was promptly told to feast my eyes, but was warned not to touch anything that I saw.

The shining objects were the gold buttons of the Cook coat, and were the only parts of it which had not long since passed into decay. Believing that I had a greater right to the possession of these buttons than the Hawaiians I watched for an opportunity, attracted the attention of the three men to another object, and placed two of the buttons in my pocket. I knew there was a hole in the pocket and that the buttons would slip down into my boots and not be found if I was searched on leaving the cave. I firmly believed I would be searched, but my suspicions were groundless.

When I announced my readiness to leave the cave I was returned to my home in the manner in which I had been taken away, and the hoodwink was removed after I had dismounted and was within my own gate.

Cufflinks were made of the buttons and worn in memory of Captain Cook and the cave.

F o u r t h

“A JOKE ON A MAN IN LOVE”

My first practical joke was played when I was 10 years of age.

There was a young man named Wilkins who resided near our home. He had incurred the ill will of all the younger members of my family, through no other offense than his infatuation for Miss Mitchell, who was my cousin and resided with us.

Mr. Wilkins was a frequent visitor and came at stated intervals, so it was easy to prepare for him.

One night, immediately before his arrival, I moistened the palm of my right hand and wiped it across the back of an open fireplace, thoroughly smearing it with soot. Then I placed myself behind the front door where I would be in readiness to open it before a servant could respond to the bell.

When I heard the young man walk up to the steps my heart nearly bounded out of my bosom, and my breath came quick and short. I almost lost faith in my ability to carry

out my plans, but I buoyed myself to the task and opened the door. I shook hands with Mr. Wilkins and invited him into the parlor.

Mr. Wilkins had the habit of rubbing his open palms together and then drawing them, first one and then the other, over his cheeks. So he was not long in spreading the soot handed him at the front door.

His presence was announced and when Miss Mitchell entered the parlor and spied the black face she almost screamed. She came to a sudden halt, then began to step backward. Wilkins advanced to shake hands, but she tremblingly maintained her distance. This surprised Wilkins and he discontinued his advance. But she did not stop. She continued the backward step until the door was reached and she sprang through it and was gone.

Thinking Wilkins was drunk, she ran upstairs as fast as she could go and informed my father of the situation.

To be drunk in those days, particularly in the presence of a lady, was an unpardonable sin. Nearly all Southern gentlemen took their toddies and mint juleps, but one who drank to excess did so under the pain of social ostracism.

Wilkins was now in a dilemma and was mystified. He was greatly confused by the strange action of the girl, for he was entirely ignorant of the ludicrous spectacle he presented. Both sides of his face were about as black as soot could make them, but he was unconscious of it. But I was reaping the pleasure of my trick. I had placed myself at a window on the veranda, where I was convulsed with laughter.

In the center of the room Mr. Wilkins stood, perfectly bewildered. And he was still spreading the soot when my father walked into the room. Addressing Mr. Wilkins, he said: "I am sorry I have mistaken you for a gentleman. Leave this house immediately and never dare to return until you have satisfactorily apologized for your conduct. Go!"

"I do not understand this, Doctor Hunter. What have I done to merit such treatment?"

"How can you ask such a question, you shameless ingrate? Turn your face to that mirror and explain, if you can."

Wilkins approached the mirror, which he had not before observed, and learned his true condition. He was so astonished he was for a moment dumb. He knew some terrible accident had occurred, but just when or how, he knew not.

The confidence of innocence nerved him and he convinced my father he was neither drunk nor drinking, nor was he responsible for his condition. This being the case, he was given an opportunity to arrange his toilet as best he could with soap and water.

But this is not all that happened to Wilkins that night. There were others out for fun, but neither had confided in the other.

From the roof of the house one of my brothers gave Wilkins a shower bath as he walked from the veranda. It was with soapsuds from a large sausage stuffer which held about a gallon.

When he got into his buggy he sat in a pool of indelible ink, which had been poured upon the cushion by another brother. Still another brother had driven tacks, points forward, in the breeching of the harness, and Wilkins wondered why his lazy old horse was so anxious to get home.

There was one short, steep hill in the road and there Wilkins and his horse parted. When the breeching impinged upon the old nag's haunches in holding the buggy back the tacks were driven into his skin. He twisted himself from side to side, revolved his stubby tail in a circle a time or two, kicked the body to pieces and disappeared.

Two hours later Mr. Wilkins walked into his father's house holding his lower jaw in the palm of his hand, while elephantine tears rolled down his muddy cheeks.

He never came back.

F i f t h

"A BEAR HUNT"

I was sitting in a boat at the edge of a river quietly awaiting at what was known as the "bear crossing." Dogs and men were in the swamp on the other side of the river with the hope of driving out a bear and of making him cross the river where I was stationed.

Long before a dog was heard a large bear entered the river quite near the boat and attempted to swim over to the swamp. As might have been expected, the negro whom I had taken along to row the boat was asleep, and the chase was, in consequence, delayed. However, when the fellow was awakened he plied the oars with such vigor the boat rapidly gained upon the bear. When within fifty feet of the animal I took deliberate aim at the creature's head and

fired. The bear shook his head, splashed the water with his feet and head and made greater efforts to reach the other shore.

"Hole on, boss," said the negro. "I'se gwine ketch um. Hole on till you gits close up to um and den shoot again."

It was evident the negro had but little confidence in my marksmanship, as I had failed to kill the bear at the first shot, as I was expected to do.

A few moments brought the boat within five feet of the brute's head, and I took aim and pulled the trigger. But the gun snapped. The boat was now nearly touching the bear, and it was time for quick action. The breech of the gun was opened to remove the empty shell and the cartridge which had failed to fire, but neither could be done. The shells were of brass and had stuck hard and fast from corrosion.

A moment more and the bear had hold of the boat. His ugly paws held fast to the side of it, and it was evidently his intention to climb in. As the gun was of no further use, other means of defense had to be devised, and quickly at that.

I laid the gun down in the bottom of the boat, picked up an oar and dealt the bear a terrific blow upon the head. The oar glanced from his thick skull and he caught it in his mouth. I expended my entire physical strength pulling at the oar, but I could not break the grip of the strong-jawed brute. I continued a steady, hard pull, and at a moment not suspected the bear opened his mouth and I went heels over head into the water on the opposite side of the boat. As I arose to the surface I caught hold of the boat just opposite the bear, and we stared each other in the eye as each tried to get into the boat first.

It is well known to swimmers that when holding to the side of the boat in the water there is an almost irresistible tendency of the feet to go up against the bottom of the boat.

It is evidently the same with a bear, because the long, sharp claws of that bear were soon fastened in the bottom of my pants legs under the boat. I could not get them away, so I just unbuttoned my pants at the waist and let the bear have them.

During these interesting moments I was appealing to the negro to kill the bear. "Kill him, Bill; kill him quickly or he will get us. Kill him with the anchor." But Bill

heeded not. He was too badly frightened to move, think or speak.

"Kill him, Bill. If you do not kill him we will both be drowned."

That seemed to soak in with some effect, and though trembling like a dog in an ice bath the negro seized the anchor, stood straight up in the boat and dealt the bear a violent blow—a blow so violent it shook the boat from stem to stern. The anchor fell from his hands and he seemed to lose all presence of mind.

Quivering with fear, and showing the whites of his eyes like two china eggs, he sprang back to his end of the boat. But he did not stop there. He had put on too much steam and he went over the stern of the boat and was buried in the muddy water of the stream.

When Bill came to the surface and saw the bear struggling in the water like an ungoverned flutter-wheel, he pulled for the shore, and he screamed at every stroke of his arms.

The negro's mighty blow had killed the bear, so it soon ceased to move. By that time I had climbed back into the boat, and I threw a rope around the dead bear and towed it to the shore.

Sixth

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF HAWAII"

The first week of my experience as a plantation physician in the Islands of Hawaii was spent at the residence of the manager. A house was being renovated for my occupancy.

During the preparation of the house the residents told strange tales about it. It had been occupied as a hospital and many persons had died in it. It was said by the superstitious that ghosts of the dead met there to devise means of punishment for the overseers who had been cruel to them in life. Be that as it may, the house was known far and wide as the Haunted House of Hawaii.

Many times, during the immediate preceding years, occupancy had been attempted by individuals, but no one had been induced to pass a second night in the house. Strange noises were so loud and confusing no one could sleep in the

house, so from sheer exhaustion, if not from fear, they would go elsewhere in search of rest.

The chief overseer told me it was the height of folly for me to attempt to occupy the house, and he told a strange story of a woman seen one night walking in the direction of the place. The woman suddenly appeared in front of himself and the assistant overseer, at midnight, and walked directly toward the house. She was seen very clearly beneath a full moon which was climbing up the eastern horizon and was shedding its soothing light upon the world. The gentlemen were so near the woman they could distinguish her dark hair, white waist and black skirt, and it seemed she would weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. It was a late hour for a woman to be out alone, and they quickened their pace to overtake her, but they could not do so. The faster they walked the faster she would walk. They called to her, but she paid no more attention to them than if they had not spoken. When opposite the gate she darted through it and was gone.

The gate was immediately in front of the door and there was but one foot of space between it and the veranda floor. There were three rooms in the house; two communicating rooms in front and one long room in the rear which extended the full length of the house. The long room communicated with one of the front rooms and had one back door which opened upon the back yard. The floor was so near the ground it was impossible for anyone to get underneath the house. Immediately as the woman disappeared the two men ran to the gate and entered it. One went to the right and the other to the left of the house where they could see the whole yard, back and front. Then one of them entered the house at the front door and the other at the back door. They struck matches and searched the house, but nothing but the bare floors could be found. There was neither a roof opening nor a trap through the floor. The yard was very small and was surrounded by a tall board fence over which no one could pass without previous preparation. There was nothing in the yard but short grass; absolutely no place in which a person might hide.

The stories did not disconcert me in the least. In fact, I enjoyed hearing them. I was glad of the possibility of realizing my life's desire, that of confronting a ghost.

I was really anxious to get into the house, notwithstand-

ing many persons had told me they would not, for the whole world, attempt to pass a single night there. I took possession of the house in the afternoon and read until twilight. Then I went to supper and left a light burning in the house so everything was in statu quo upon my return.

I retired at 10 o'clock, and as soon as the house was in darkness the troubles began. All sorts of inconceivable noises were heard. Persons seemed to talk and walk and roll barrels of rocks about the floor. Many times the noise sounded as though the shingles were being torn from the roof. It was just impossible to sleep. Many times I arose from bed and searched the whole house for some cause of the disturbances, but none could be found. The instant my feet would touch the floor, or a light was made, all noises would cease.

The back room was occupied as a drug department, having many shelves filled with many bottles of many sizes. About 2 o'clock in the morning I heard one of the largest bottles fall from the top shelf and smash to pieces upon the floor. As quickly as possible I sprang to my feet and ran into the room, striking a match as I went. But there was no medicine spilled. There was no broken glass upon the floor and every bottle was in its respective place just as they had been when I went to bed. It seemed absolutely impossible for such a crash to occur without leaving some evidence of it, but it did.

The second night was much the same. Persons tramped the floor, rapped upon the walls and ceiling and did every devilish thing possible to keep one awake. At one time I heard a person walk into the bedroom and stop at the side of the foot of the bed within easy reach of my feet. Momentarily I expected to feel cold hands take hold of my feet, and I instinctively drew them up. At that selfsame moment I struck a match and uplifted a machete to carve the ghost, but there was no ghost to carve. All sounds ceased immediately as I struck the match, but I got out of bed and searched as I had done many times before, but my efforts to gain information were as fruitless as a barren tree.

The third night was a repetition of the rest, except for one distinctive feature. Heretofore the house had been closed at night, but on that occasion I wished to receive my ghostly guests with open house, wondering if it would make any difference in their behavior. Every door and window

in the house was left wide open. The moon was shining so brightly one could almost read without any other light.

Shortly after midnight I heard voices, seemingly of persons seated upon a bench which was upon the veranda just to the right of my room window. The blinds were wide open and the sash was pushed up as high as it could go. As noiselessly as possible I slipped from my bed and thrust my body suddenly out of the window clear down to my waist. I met with a great surprise. Not at what I saw, but at what I did not see. The veranda was absolutely free from any living thing and there was nothing but moonlight and space to be seen. The talking had ceased the moment my feet touched the floor. I was greatly puzzled, but as I knew of no remedy I returned to my bed and really went to sleep. I slept from exhaustion, the result of watchfulness and anxiety to discover the cause of my unrest. Night after night the disturbances were the same, but I grew accustomed to my environment and slept as one sleep under the din of battle or the constant hum of moving machinery.

Nearly a year was passed in the house, but the mystery was never solved.

Seventh

"TALPA, A SACRED SHRINE IN MEXICO"

Talpa is a small town in the mountains of the State of Jalisco, Mexico. It nestles down in a cup-shaped valley, and the adobe houses seen in the distance remind one of speckled eggs in a bird's nest. The lofty peaks which surround the place resemble sentinels placed there to guard the town. Between the tall peaks there are a few rough and rugged trails which lead, through narrow passes, down to the town. They have been traveled hundreds of years, but are no better for the usage.

Talpa is one of the most noted shrines now maintained by the Roman Church in Mexico and persons seeking forgiveness of sins go there in great numbers twice a year. It is there that the Virgin Mary appears every day during the "fiesta." During the fiesta days the trails are alive with persons of all ages and of both sexes. Some are mounted on horses, some on mules and some on donkeys, but the great bulk of them are on foot. They come from great distances, covering weeks of travel. Time is of no value to

them. Once there they are happy—happy because they receive the silent benediction of the Virgin and are forgiven of all sins.

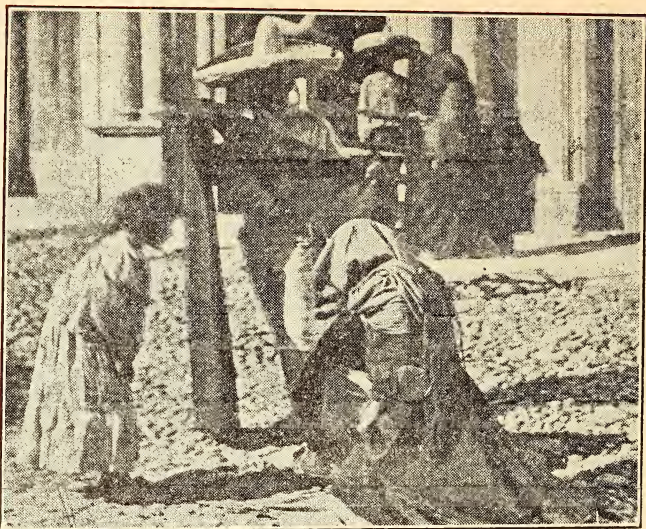
I reached the town at night and found but two vacant rooms in the place. One was held at five dollars a day and the other at eight dollars, without board. They were in houses built of adobe, hence were but large dirt boxes without bedding or ventilation. There were but two openings to a room, a window and a door, both of which had to be closed and barred at night for safety. It was evident the citizens lived the remainder of the year upon what they grafted during the fiesta under the very gaze of the Virgin Mary.

The town cannot accommodate the people. Food is bought whenever and wherever it can be gotten, but many go hungry at times. There are booths erected in every direction for selling food, and there is an almost continuous line of them for miles upon each of the roads leading to the place, but the supply does not equal the demand.

The visitors literally carpet the ground with their bodies at night. They prostrate themselves in the streets like so many sheep in a pen. It is difficult to get about after they begin to lie down, because one has to step over men, women and children, like stepping over ties on a railroad track.

All day there is a continuous stream of humanity, a crushing jam of men and women flowing through the church. They enter at the front door, all upon their knees, and they pass out at another door, leaving all their sins behind them. They are redeemed. Redeemed because they have been seen by the Virgin Mary. Notwithstanding, Mary is but a little idol of elaborate construction exposed to view by drawing a curtain of richest silk.

At a point one hour's ride from the church there is a cross erected upon a pedestal of stone in one of the most difficult of the passes. At the foot of the cross, as is the case in many other places, there is a pathetic appeal for funds. Everyone who reaches the cross is expected to crawl up the rough stone steps upon their knees, kiss the cold stone and deposit a few cents. Those who are especially penitent do not rise to their feet after crawling to the cross. They proceed to the church upon their bared knees. Many wear large crowns of sharp thorns which draw blood from their scalps, while the rough stones of the trail do not fail



A Female Penitent Going to Church on Her Knees on Blankets

to bleed them at the knees. Some struggle down the mountain under the weight of large wooden crosses, which they take to the door of the church lashed to their aching backs. Some have heavy poles lashed to their extended arms, which, reaching across their backs, resemble crosses. The poles and crosses are of such weight they require the entire strength of the person to bear them. Others tie their ankles together, necessitating steps of an inch or two in length, with which they push along their sore and bleeding feet. Some men and some women alike doing penance walk upon their knees upon blankets spread upon the ground. While one blanket is being taken up from behind another is being spread down in front. This protects their knees and they lose no blood. They are evidently more wise than the others.

Without food or drink many of them consume a day and a night upon the trail between the cross and the church. They often reach the church exhausted, bleeding and fainting. But what does that matter to them? They deposit their barbarous means of self-torture at the door of the church and are made pure and holy, no matter what vile sins they may have committed. Thus easily forgiven, they are prepared to cut, kill, rob or do any other dirty work, for they can as easily be forgiven again. To be seen by the Virgin is a guarantee of absolution, at least they are made



Manner of Entering a Catholic Church in Mexico

to believe it is so. Their credulity is past understanding.

It was said the Virgin had made a midnight visit to the neighboring town of Mascota, and the ignorant creatures eagerly bought little packets of dust said to have been taken from the tracks she had made in the road.

Who originated the story of the Virgin's midnight visit? Who got the money for which the dust was sold? From what will be later said one may be able to decide.

I attended the fiesta of the Virgin to prove, or disprove, the many wonderful stories I had heard of it. I had been led to believe it a purely religious affair, but instead of this I found it a diabolical, gambling hell, carried on under the guise of religion. Every device for gambling was there, carried on publicly, both day and night. From the petty game of the peon upon a blanket upon the ground to the most approved of modern swindling machines were there. Many persons sold wares of spurious character, such as rosaries, pictures of the saints, crosses, etc., of much less value than the price, but they were considered of no real

value until blessed by a priest at the cost of a few cents. The priests would bless a pig or a chicken for a few cents. This latter procedure was witnessed by me when my cook had a pig blessed that she might use it to protect her from the evil spirits that she believed were subject to control by the priests.

But all was not peace and love at the fiesta. Men, women and children wept on account of losses, for robbery was rife. It was a rendezvous of fakirs. The beggars were thicker than the thieves. The halt, the blind, the sick and the leprous were there, and they plied their vocations as beggars in the half song tone of a priest. The lepers sat all day long upon the roadside in the burning sun and displayed their sickening infirmities as they plead for pennies in the name of the holy saints.

Why is all this wickedness and blasphemous worship at the fiesta? That it is at least permitted by the authorities, who could stop it if they would, goes without saying. There are always numerous policemen and soldiers of the regular army there who could interfere, but they do not.

A loser at one of the gambling machines remonstrated with the operator, who, to appease anger, became communicative. "Do not be angry with me," said the fellow. "I have no interest in this game except my daily wages."

"What! Do you tell me this game is not yours?"

"Certainly I do. I am operating it for others."

"Pray tell me, then, who gets the money you are robbing us of?"

"The Church and the high State officials."

Not being willing to rely upon the statement of one man alone in a matter so grave, I inquired of many others who were in position to know, and in every instance, if an answer was given at all, it was the same.

But this is not the worst of the wickedness resulting from the fiestas. The proverbial rock piles along the roads which mark all places in Mexico where a death has occurred were numerous along all the roads leading to Talpa, and this in face of the fact that Government soldiers are seen all along on the roads. Where the country was open, practically free from timber and there were no places for concealment, there were but few rock piles. But wherever timber or large boulders were found, they were in appalling numbers.

Leaving Talpa early in the morning, I counted the rock piles seen along the road during the first day of travel, and the number reached five hundred and seventy-four. Think of it! Five hundred and seventy-four deaths, most of them from violence occurring on a road leading to a sacred shrine! Contemplate the sum total on all of the roads and one can but be appalled at the sad commentary on Roman Catholicism in Mexico.

E i g h t h

"A BUFFALO HUNT"

I did not know that a buffalo shot through the lung would surely die. The first I had ever seen were six old bulls feeding upon the top of a flat hill. I crawled up the side of the hill and shot at them. I aimed at nothing but the great dark brown herd. I was so anxious to kill one of them I just fired at them as a boy usually shoots at a covey of flying birds. They all ran away and I feared I had missed the whole bunch. But how could I have missed them? It was like shooting into a dense forest and not expecting to hit a tree.

I followed them in a run, but I didn't run far. An old bull turned and ran at me. The hideous creature looked as large as a house, so I also turned and ran. I wished for wings that I might fly, but I doubt if wings would have speeded me up any, for I beat the bull to a haven. I dodged between some large rocks just as the bull was about to catch me.

The buffalo rubbed his stubby horns upon the rocks within a few inches of my body, but he could not reach me. It was strange I did not think of shooting again until the bull had gone away, wasn't it?

After a time I climbed up over the hill again and I saw the buffalo fall to the ground as he was trying to regain his place in the herd. Repeatedly he would fall and rise again, until finally he did not try to get up. That produced an inexplicable thrill of happiness, and I felt of much more importance than David did when he killed Goliath.

With due caution I walked up quite near to the brute, laid my rifle down upon the ground and drew my butcher knife from my bootleg. I crept to the buffalo's head, placed my foot upon the horn which was in contact with the

ground and took hold of the other horn, fully believing I could hold the buffalo down until his throat could be cut. But alas, how mistaken I was! The instant the knife touched the skin of the neck, which it could not penetrate, the old bull gave a frightful groan and raised to his front feet. He threw me twenty feet away and I ran away on my "all fours." In my imagination I could feel the horns of the buffalo tearing the seat of my pants, and the agony of the moment was memorable.

Looking back, I saw the buffalo could not get up on his hind legs, and I was much gratified to see him fall broadside to the ground. I ventured within pistol shot and emptied my revolver in the animals back. That night I chewed on tough buffalo steak for an hour.

N i n t h

"A RUNAWAY HORSE"

There was a large crowd tenting around the Lampasas Springs in Texas, as was the custom of persons from all parts of the State.

I became seriously infatuated with a beautiful brunette from Houston, whom I called "Nettle." We were riding one day and were away out across the distant prairie.

For some unaccountable reason the horse Nettle was riding took fright and began to run. The bit parted in its mouth and it was at once beyond control. Nettle was an excellent rider and she sat upon the horse with apparent indifference as it sped across the prairie with the swiftness of a bird.

It was not far to the timber and the animal was not likely to run himself down and slow his gait. Once the timber was reached the danger was increased, even for the very best of riders. The horse could not be guided without a bit in its mouth, and it was likely to fly the track at any moment. It might turn suddenly into some cow trail, throw the girl against a tree and kill her.

I pictured her in my mind lying dead and bleeding at my feet while I hurled anathemas at the treacherous brute, and even questioned the purpose of the All-Wise God who had permitted it. The agony of suspense was bewildering. My brain seemed to spin like a Chinese top. All I could do was to await the coming of the dreaded climax.

But an idea seized me. I was on "Bruno," a little brown horse which had never been left in a race. Holding him back had not slackened the speed of the other horse, so I urged Bruno forward with all of his might.

Nettle's horse bent every nerve as he stretched his neck forward and rushed over the trail as though propelled by steam. Bruno felt the prick of spurs in his sides and he knew what it meant. He threw himself into the race with wondrous force and seemed to catch inspiration from his master's thoughts.

Like frightened deer the animals were running, and Bruno gained upon the other horse. Faster and faster they ran, but Bruno soon closed the gap between them. A slight twist of the reins brought them side by side, and I placed my arm around Nettle's willowy waist and drew her to the saddle in front of me.

Instantly Bruno slowed his gait, but the other horse passed out of sight, followed by "Sunday School Song" curses as I stood by Nettle's side and knew that she was safe.

How convenient trouble is sometimes! How it brings to light feelings that smoulder! How it encourages the committal of acts which could not under other circumstances be performed.

Nettle was trembling with fear and was pale. I offered her the support of my arm and she took it. Her eyes quivered as she looked into mine through sparkling tears of gratitude, and she leaned forward and kissed me. It was our first kiss, and I gave her many for the one. But, we never married.

T e n t h

"ASLEEP ON A COFFIN"

I was making a journey on a train, the conductor of which was an old friend. That particular train was a mixed night train and it was crowded to overflowing with passengers. Standing room was at a premium, so the conductor invited me to ride in his cab. The cab was an ordinary freight box car, furnished with an arm chair and an improvised desk. It was also used as an express car and contained a number of packages and boxes of various sizes.

Most of the time I was the sole occupant of the cab, for

the conductor had business in various parts of the train.

The hours dragged. They grew very monotonous because there was nothing to read and no light in the cab except an old oil lantern. Becoming overpowered with drowsiness, I looked about for some place to lie down and sleep. Close to the wall of the cab there was a long and very large box. Upon examination I found that a corpse was in that big long box and was being shipped to some distant place. As a bed the coffin box was a great temptation to me, especially as it was labeled, "Died of No Contagious Disease."

I could not resist the temptation to convert the coffin into a bed, so I took the cushion from the chair for a pillow and was soon fast asleep upon the coffin. Just how long I enjoyed the improvised couch I did not know, but it must have been for a brief space of time.

Suddenly I awoke while uttering a chilling scream. A violent, headlong leap took me hard up against the sliding door of the opposite side of the cab, which fortunately was closed. Had the door been open I would have gone through it and been killed, for I knew not and I cared not where I went, nor how. My sole object was to extricate myself from the harrowing, uncanny position I occupied.

The coffin box top was very thin and the weight of my body had crushed it, splitting it into long strips. The corpse was that of a consumptive—long, emaciated and bony. The man had come to life and had reached his thin, skinny arms out through the slits in the box. The fleshless arms had lapped across my breast and were drawing me down into the coffin. At least, that is what I dreamed.

Eleventh

"IN A ROBBER'S TENT"

When quite a young man it became apparently necessary for me to walk from Austin, Texas, to Lampasas.

Twenty miles from Austin the road ran through a section of scrub timber which was generally known as the "Indian Trail." Under cover of the brushy timber the Indians had traveled across that part of the road ever since it was a road, hence it was dreaded by all travelers; especially was it dreaded at night.

It was my hope that I would cross the scrub timber be-

fore night, but I did not do it. I was not accustomed to walking, so I grew tired at an early hour. My feet swelled and they seemed to weigh forty pounds apiece. Before the close of the day I could scarcely step, and I was not yet beyond the center of the scrub. Tired, footsore and hungry, I laid down upon the roadside to await the coming of I knew not what.

Just as I was falling asleep I heard footsteps of a horse, which seemed to be coming toward me. My heart pounded my ribs in audible tones as I raised up to listen. Suddenly a horse jumped across a little ditch and stood still in the road. The rider seized his rifle and raised it in his hands. Immediately I placed my finger on the trigger of my gun and we were motionless. The unexpected meeting was a surprise to each of us, and we gazed at each other wondering who would make the first move, and what it would be. At length the astonishment abated and the mounted man spoke:

"What will you take for your rifle, stranger?"

"Nothing," said I.

"Will you not sell it? Will you not trade it? I have a fine horse I will give you for it."

I had borrowed the rifle I had and if there ever was a time when I wanted a horse it was right then, but my sense of honor would not permit the selling of a gun which was not mine. Besides, I feared the proposition was a ruse through which I would be robbed, perhaps killed. The camper did not know I had no money, and it was natural for him to suspect that I had because my clothing indicated prosperity.

"Where is the horse?" I asked.

"At my camp."

"Where is your camp?"

"Just a few rods from here."

"Are you camping alone?"

"No. There is another man, a woman and a child."

That was good news to me, because, if true, I would have protection for the night and something to eat, so in order to obtain those desirable things I intimated a desire to trade though I had not the remotest idea of doing so.

"I will have a look at your horse," said I. "Go to your camp and I will follow you."

The man left the road and pushed his way through the

thick brush and I followed along behind him. He kept a close watch on me and I watched him equally as well.

In a little while we reached a large open space, entirely free from brush, and I saw a tent, a man and a boy. A little to one side there was woman preparing supper. The smell of the juicy bacon, which was being fried, whetted my already keen appetite and I was glad when I was invited to eat before discussing the horse trade. After supper I was told the animals were not in camp and the two men wandered off in search of them. This left me alone with the woman and the child. A woman in camp is not always a guarantee of safety, for some of them are worse than the worst of men. When a woman is bad she is bad to the very marrow of her bones, and wickedness saturates every fiber of her frame. But even that sort of woman can smile herself into the good graces of some man as easily as water wets a silk cloth. Once she accomplishes this she knows it, and she controls that man, body and soul.

To spend the night at the camp was just what I wanted to do, but when I became convinced my host was planning for the same thing I was filled with the dread of uncertainty. The more I pondered over the situation the more convinced I was of bad faith in the campers.

Night came on and the men had not returned. Then I was invited into the tent by the woman, under pretense of escaping the cold wind. The child was put to bed in one corner of the tent and I was given a cot in another corner. The cot was placed firmly up against the tent so that the bulging of the cloth showed exactly where the cot was located. I noticed this peculiar act of the woman, but not suspecting her purpose I laid down upon the cot.

Then the woman left the tent under pretense of necessary culinary affairs. But I got up and watched her. She walked directly beyond the fire and disappeared in the direction the men had gone.

It was a clear, cool night. The full moon had risen and mingled its gorgeous light with that of the garish stars which studded the firmament. The night was as bright as day and as still as death. I had never allowed my rifle out of my hands for a single moment. I had eaten supper with it across my lap, and it was in my hands in the tent. I had a premonition of the approach of some foul scene, but I could not figure it out. I did not return to the cot after

seeing the woman disappear. I was more content to sit up and watch for the coming events.

The child was shivering in its sleep and aroused sympathy, so I lifted it gently from its pallet upon the ground and placed it upon the cot. I wrapped it snugly in the blanket which had been given for my comfort and I sat in the corner where the child had been.

Suddenly a sharp report of pistols was heard from without. So nearly were the weapons simultaneously discharged they seemed almost as one. Smoke coming through the tent cloth just back of the cot showed where the bullets had entered. They had punctured the blanket wrapped around the child and had penetrated its head and back. The poor creature groaned with a faintly audible sound and blood ran from its mouth and ears. It gave on strong, spasmodic struggle and was dead.

In a moment more an eye was seen peeping through the door of the tent where the folds were barely separated by unseen hands. Immediately I raised my rifle to my shoulder and fired. But I aimed above the eye, for I did not wish to take human life unless it became absolutely necessary to do so. I was sure they would not again shoot into the tent, there were no more landmarks. Besides, fear that the child because there were no more landmarks. Besides, fear that the child would arouse and be injured would safeguard against further shooting. They did not know at that moment the poor creature was dead; that its innocent spirit had gone whence it came. That it was dead, perhaps at the hands of the mother who loved it best. But, is it not far better to die in infancy than to be reared by such a mother?

The time had come for me to escape, if indeed such could be done, and I well knew a bold move was necessary to success. I sprang suddenly through the tent door with the rifle at my shoulder and covered the first man that I saw. Fortunately I covered them both, as one was directly behind the other. Each man had a pistol in his hand, but before they could raise to shoot they heard the words, "Drop pistols. Hands up." The pistols hit the ground and the hands went up. The men cried, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! We are your friends."

"Move a muscle and you die," said I. "One bullet will get you both."

All the while this was going on I was slowly moving backward toward the thick brush which was close at hand. When I reached the brush I darted into the thicket with an almost invisible movement and was gone. I walked perhaps miles in the direction of Lampasas, and slept the remainder of the night in a thick bunch of bushes.

When I awoke in the morning I heard the rattling of chains and the rumble of a wagon. Immediately I sprang to my feet and approached the road. I moved cautiously so as not to be seen. I recognized the driver as a regular freighter and I ran to the wagon and jumped into it before being seen by the teamster. I slapped the fellow on the back with my open palm, and he went over the front wheel as quickly as the shadow of a flying bird can cross a wire fence.

"Stop! Stop there, man! You are in no danger." The man turned around as I stopped the team.

"Where are you going with this wagon?"

"I—I don't know now, but I started to Lampasas."

"So did I. Get in and let's go."

"That's all right, sir, but you drive. I'll walk."

The man was still so uncertain of things he trembled as he spoke. He was not a coward, but his rifle was under the wagon seat and that made a great difference in his deportment. He could not be induced to get back into the wagon until a rifle was leveled at his head and he was ordered to get in. Then he climbed in and took the reins.

We reached Lampasas just as the western horizon was hiding a gorgeous sun which sent out rays through the bright, shining clouds like so many silvery spokes in a grand chariot of gold.

Twelfth

"IN A DISSECTING ROOM"

During my attendance upon medical lectures I received a visit by an old schoolmate named Taylor. Taylor was shown through the medical college and he heard several very interesting lectures, particularly one on anatomy. The latter lecture excited his curiosity beyond measure and he expressed a keen desire to see the inside of a dissecting room.

The subject being a good one, the time seemed propitious

for a practical joke, so I told Taylor I would arrange with the janitor for a clandestine visit and I would take him through the "Hall of Stiffs."

The night came, all plans were effected satisfactorily and I escorted my friend up the long stairway which led from the ground floor to the second story upon which the dissecting room was located. The old janitor met us at the door and invited us in. Then the janitor closed the door and disappeared.

The room was a very large one and accommodated forty tables, situated several feet apart. Upon each table there was a corpse of a man, a woman or a child, and each was perfectly nude. The corpses were in all stages of dissection, from that of being slightly carved to a state of such mutilation they were beyond recognition. It is a sight that will try the nerves of any man not accustomed to death.

Taylor and I were standing between two of the tables examining a very much carved carcass when suddenly it raised to a sitting posture, being drawn up by an invisible wire manipulated by the janitor, who was up in the space between the roof and the ceiling.

With a loud exclamation of horror, Taylor sprang backward. He struck the table behind him with such force it turned completely over and sent the corpse which was upon it rolling to the floor. Then a mutilated corpse fell from the skylight and struck the floor immediately in front of Taylor. The door which led into the museum opened and the manikin, which was on rollers, seemed to walk into the room. The manikin was a papier-mache image of a man apparently skinned. It was so perfect it showed clearly the red arteries, the blue veins and the muscles. It had been smeared with phosphorescent oil in such a manner it was plainly visible when the lights went out.

With one loud, long yell, and apparently with one leap, Taylor landed his ponderous body against the door, which had been locked by the janitor on the outside. The door flew wide open and Taylor was gone like a streak of lightning. There was just one flash and it was all over. He was gone before I could speak to him; and we never spoke again.

"A HORSE LAUGHED"

One night in a city of Hawaii I drove into a livery stable and was accosted by a tall, handsome Kanaka who wore a dark skin and a black mustache. A large metallic star was shining upon the lapel of his coat and he carried a club in his hand, so it was not a difficult matter to locate him.

"I arrest you," said the fellow.

"The devil you do! What is it for?"

"For driving in the streets at night without a lantern."

"I do not believe that a light is required on a bright night like this. The law says one must have a light during the hours of darkness. If you think these are hours of darkness you would better have your eyes tested. However, if I have violated any law I am willing to suffer the consequences. Just name the price and I will pay it."

"I cannot take your money. I have arrested you."

"Perhaps you think you have, but I do not agree with you. If you have arrested me it is up to you to make the first move. What do you think you are going to do?"

"I am going to take you to the Sheriff."

"Now see here, officer. I am going to be very plain with you. If you have arrested me it is your duty to take me with you, but I assure you if you attempt it you will have the warmest moment you have ever had in all the days of your life. I am not to be taken through these streets under arrest unless I have committed some crime, so I promise you I will resist you just as long as there is a piece left of me large enough to make a grease spot upon a silk handkerchief. Now, do you understand me?" I then walked leisurely out into the street, leaving the Hawaiian officer a perfect monument of surprise. He seemed fixed to the floor like an Indian cigar sign, a thing not valued for its activity.

The Sheriffs of the different islands were little less than Kings. Each ruled, absolutely, the island upon which he lived. I realized I was practically living at the will of that mighty dignitary, but I went to the Sheriff's office and related the circumstances exactly as they had occurred. I feared the consequences, but I believed I was right, and I always have the courage of my convictions.

The Sheriff promptly replied, and in a way that greatly relieved my mind. "Right or wrong, Doctor," said the Sheriff, "I am surprised that you did not have trouble. That officer is reputed to be a courageous man and he not only has the authority to make arrests, but authority to use the necessary force to accomplish them. However, it is a bright night and we will drop the subject right here and now, and the matter shall remain an incident passed."

The decision of the Sheriff reassured me, and I made a request of him. "You are aware, Mr. Sheriff, of the escape from your prison of one Lopez, a Porto Rican, a desperate murderer who is condemned to the gallows. You know of his many dastardly acts before and since his escape. You know how he cuts, shoots and robs at will. The men and women in my section are afraid to put their noses out of doors at night. He enters houses and demands food. If it is mealtime he sits at the table, with his pistol at his plate, and he satisfies his appetite and leaves. Frequently he shoots back into a house after leaving it. He is now on our plantation, so there is good ground for the fear entertained by the people. Three nights ago he cut a horse loose from a buggy and robbed its occupants. He gave each one a chop with a machete and left them sitting in a horseless buggy with bleeding wounds. What I desire is authority to arrest him as under a bench warrant, in case I should chance to meet him. I am frequently out alone, in the night as well as in the day, and I would not like to meet him unless I had the right to arrest him, or kill him if it became necessary to do so. I certainly would not attempt to capture him under any other circumstances. May I have it?"

"Yes. With much pleasure you shall have it. I know you would not abuse the authority."

When I left that office I carried in my pocket written authority to arrest the body of Lopez, dead or alive.

At 4 o'clock of the following morning I left my buggy at the livery stable and started home on horseback because a storm was brewing and it had become intensely dark. On each side of the road there was a dense forest of ferns, fern trees and vines. They completely covered the lava flow, through which the road had been built, and they concealed many dangerous holes and caverns in the lava. It was so dark one's hands could not be seen, and the horse had to be trusted to find the road and keep on it.

Suddenly the animal began to buck, and he bucked as he had never done before. The first thought was that the horse had been lassoed by Lopez and life's game was up. Then it was thought the horse might get off the road and fall into some hole and kill himself and his rider. Not wishing to take such chances, I sprang from the saddle and landed upon a wire. From the wire I fell upon a stone in the road and injured my hip severely. The pain was intense. A telephone wire had fallen and it reached nearly to the ground, crossing the road at a right angle. The horse had gotten astride of the wire and as he advanced it rose up between his hind legs and scratched him. He bucked himself off of it. What horse would not have done so?

Almost instantly the sound of the horse's hoofs as they pounded the smooth, hard road ceased to be heard. It ceased so suddenly I feared the animal had fallen by the roadside. I had no matches nor light of any kind, so I could not look for the horse. My pistol was in a pocket on the horn of the saddle and was gone. So I sat down in the road to think over the situation and rest my injured hip.

Without even the protection of a pocketknife I was alone and injured, in the darkest hour of the night, in a section inhabited only by renegades—and I wondered why I was ever born.

After the acme of pain had passed away I arose and limped along in the direction of the plantation, hoping some one would come along and take me up. I thought a great deal about Lopez. It was just at that dismal spot he had robbed a number of persons. I had no desire to meet him in my helpless condition. I did not even care to encounter a "badger," much less a burly brute like Lopez.

Slowly and painfully limping along, I came to a place where the road inclined upward before me. By the light of the stars, which peeped from the behind the clouds for a moment, I could see a man silhouetted against the heavens. He was standing in the middle of the road. It was impossible to distinguish more than the outlines of the man, but I was very certain it was Lopez. What other man would be there at that dark hour of the night? Light could be seen between his legs, but his head could not be distinguished from his body. He was standing as motionless as a post. He evidently had seen me and had halted for the fray. Lamé, suffering and without a gun, I was absolutely at the

mercy of the man. It never occurred to me to run. I could not leave the road and hide in the vines, for that was a difficult and dangerous feat even in the light of the sun. I determined to accept the situation with fortitude and take whatever was coming to me like a man. But I advanced upon the man, hoping for success in a little game of bluff. And I addressed him rather sharply: "Get out of the way, you scoundrel, or I will blow your brains out."

I had summoned a clear and commanding voice, just as though my heart was not beating my requiem. But there was no response. I advanced within six feet of the man and issued another command.

"Get out of the way, damn you, or I will shoot you in a minute."

Still there was no response. The fellow was evidently calling the bluff. Perhaps he knew what had happened, had caught the horse, and had at that moment my pistol in his hand. He would kill me with my own gun. What a harrowing thought. But there was no time for thinking. I must act, and act quickly. But how? I must push the bluff by attempting to pass. Stepping aside for that purpose I made one step forward and discovered I had been talking to my horse. The horse laughed.

F o u r t e e n t h

"AT THE CRATER OF MAUNA LOA"

"Mauna Loa," the big volcano of Hawaii, was in action. Apparently fire was spouting from "Mokoweoweo," the summit crater. I was at the hotel at the crater of "Kilauea," which is on the side of Mauna Loa, about half way between the summit crater and the sea. I formed a party of thirteen and started up the summit crater on Friday, the thirteenth day of the month of August. We left the hotel on such mules and horses as could be procured and the first night was spent at "timber line," the point at which vegetation ceases to grow.

Coming up to so great an altitude from a section where perpetual summer reigns, we suffered from cold notwithstanding it was the month of August. On the following morning we started over bare rocks and were soon far above the clouds and vegetable life. The ascent was an almost continuous climb and there was nothing to indicate the

course. There was no trail and the gaping crevices menaced the limbs and lives of men and beasts. Frequently an animal would fall and have to be lifted to its feet again. The journey was perilous and grew more and more dangerous every hour we advanced. At any hour hot lava might have burst through the wall of the mountain, as it had been known to do, and swallow us up, but we did not turn back.

The party reached the crater at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we looked down into a fiery furnace one mile wide and three miles long, the depth of which varies as the melted stone rises or falls in the hideous hole. When the crater fills beyond its capacity it runs over at the lowest point of the rim and forms a river of lava known as a flow. A flow finds its way toward the sea and destroys everything in its courses. It illuminates the heavens for miles in every direction, and reading by its light is an easy matter miles away. All over a nine-mile plateau, in the center of which the crater is situated, there were crevices filled with ice and snow and the thermometer indicated 22 Fahrenheit. There was a cutting wind blowing across the crater, but for which we could not have gone so near as we did. We rode within ten feet of the crater's edge, dismounted and sat on the very brink, allowing our feet to hang over the seething, melted mass several hundred feet below us.

Outspread in front and below there was a floor of melted stone covering the entire bottom of the crater. The lava moved in restless waves and swished and swashed against the walls of the great pot which held it within bounds. In the center many fountains played. Some were continuous, while others played incessantly. They threw a continuous stream of lava hundreds of feet into the air, and it came back like a deluge of brilliant stars. There was a continuous roar as of distant thunder, which, with the noise of bursting fountains and deep and constant detonations, produced a conglomerate sound at once weird and appalling.

Every member of the party was impressed as never before in life. It is impossible to imagine anything more awe-inspiring, or more calculated to enforce obedience to the great Omnipotent One.

In less than two hours after reaching the crater every member of the party was sick. We were suffering from "mountain sickness," and we grew steadily worse as time wore on. The feeling is that of seasickness, an intense

desire to vomit, which is accompanied by the most intense headache man is ever called upon to endure. By 8 o'clock at night everyone was stretched out in the tent, most of them too ill to move.

I attempted to make notes of the peculiar illness and found a rise of temperature in some and a quickened pulse in all. After the second round of pulse-taking, which had been made by crawling around on my hands and knees, I was forced to abandon the work on account of the unbearable pain in my head.

No one could eat or sleep. Even the animals refused to eat, and it was believed they were also suffering from the same disease. Every head felt as though it would burst upon the slightest movement. The suffering was so great that some of the men begged to be left at the crater to die. They would rather have died than move. However, we did not all suffer in the same degree, so when dawn came those of greater endurance than the rest forced the others upon their horses and the return trip was begun. By the time we had descended to a 10,000-foot altitude every man in the party had recovered except me. Appetites had returned and a stop was made for dinner. I would not stop. I could not eat, I was still suffering and as there were but a few miles more to cover in order to reach the hotel I preferred not breaking the journey.

We had reached the timbered country, and while I did not know which trail to take I felt that my horse would take me safely through. I started off alone, but a Mr. Turner, impelled by warmth of friendship and fear that I would be lost, resaddled his horse and followed me.

Through the long grass which covered the face of the earth wild cattle had beaten many trails. We gave up trail after trail for others which appealed to us and soon we realized we were lost. We had been traveling six hours and the hotel should have been reached long before that time. Suddenly we came upon a log fence. The fence was constructed of whole trunks of trees, fifty to sixty feet in length, used as rails. The fog was so dense we could not see fifty feet beyond us, so it was clearly wise to follow the fence. But which way should we go? We could neither see the ocean nor the heavens, nor was there anything to indicate the proper direction. The side of the mountain was exceedingly undulating and in the dense forest, made denser

by the fog, it was impossible to say whether we were going up, down or around the mountain. We could not even see that the fence was a large corral made by natives for catching wild cattle.

I insisted upon taking one direction and Turner insisted upon another, the two directions being diametrically opposed to each other. Hence we could not both be right. We could not agree, so we started off in opposite directions. Believing the fence must lead to some habitation I said to Turner, "Stick to the fence and we may meet again some day." I was weak and wan, and I knew I would not last long if lost in the forest without food or drink. As I was passing along the fence in the direction I had selected I was thinking of Turner. I was deserting a friend who had deserted his friends for me. Was this right? We were, in fact, equally deserting each other. Moved by sympathy, I turned in the saddle to take a final look at Turner, and I heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction. Turner was following me.

Then I experienced a cutting sense of remorse. I might be going wrong. I might have been too insistent in opposing Turner and might be leading him away from succor. If so, he would die under the awful pangs of starvation in that dense forest, as others have done.

Just at that moment, the moment when our hearts were heavy and sad, they were made to leap for joy. Two successive reports of a gun were heard quite near us and we knew what it meant. Searching parties had been sent to find us. We returned the signal and were soon mingling with those we had left at noon.

Fifteenth

"A KANGAROO COURT TRIAL"

A dentist, who was a stranger in Texas, was killed. Not a very unusual incident, but this man left a magnificent dental outfit, and there was neither relative nor particular friend to take possession of his effects.

On the day of the funeral a suspicious-looking character appeared upon the streets, and after having had time to learn the circumstances, claimed to be a cousin of the dead dentist and would assume possession of his property.

I was so fully convinced the man was an impostor I determined to thwart him, so I planned a Kangaroo Court trial.

I gained the confidence of the fellow and arranged a meeting at my office at 8 o'clock that night to determine proper methods for obtaining the dead man's effects.

When Mr. Britton, the impostor, entered my office everything was in readiness for the sacrifice, and the proceedings worked as smoothly as the wheels of time.

"Mr. Britton," said I, "I have been thinking over this matter quite intently and I find there is a serious side to it. We will have to proceed with great caution. I learn there is already some prejudice existing and you may get into trouble."

"What kind of trouble do you mean?"

"Well, suppose you are suspected of trying to obtain goods under false pretenses? If so, you would certainly be arrested."

"I would like to see the man in Texas who can arrest me," said Britton.

Just at the conclusion of this evidence of bravado Mr. Brown, the fake Sheriff, walked into the room. "Come in, Mr. Sheriff," said I. "I am glad to see you. Allow me to introduce Mr. Britton."

The two men shook hands and the Sheriff said: "Why, how do you do? So you are Mr. Britton, are you?"

"Yes. Why do you ask in that sarcastic manner?"

"Because I have been looking for you. I have a capias for your arrest."

"My arrest? Who dares accuse me? What is the charge?"

"You are charged with violating every law of the decalogue, sir."

The pretending Sheriff then drew a large bill book from his inside pocket and fumbled over a lot of old papers which had no significance other than to impress the prisoner with the importance of the officer. In drawing out the bill book the Sheriff intentionally opened his coat front so as to expose a large pistol scabbard which, though quite empty, had the desired effect. Of this there was no doubt, because instead of making resistance, as Britton had intended me to believe he would do, he simply turned to me and asked, "What shall I do?"

"Why, go with him, of course," said I. "What else could you do? But you had better see a lawyer at once. He may prevent you spending the night in jail."

"You are right, sir. Will you assist me in securing one?"

"Certainly I will," said I. "The court is now in session and if it has not yet adjourned for the night we will easily find a lawyer. Mr. Sheriff, may I take Mr. Britton with me?"

"Yes, sir; but I also must go with you. He is my prisoner."

We went directly to Lawyer Walker's office and, by previous agreement, he was in. Mr. Walker consented to take the case and insisted on an immediate trial. We went at once to the improvised court room where the sham judge, an old gray-headed doctor, apparently was dismissing the court for the night. Lawyer Walker made his demand and the judge reopened the court and proceeded with the Britton trial.

The prosecuting attorney swore the improvised witnesses to give "incorrect" statements instead of giving "in correct statements," and right well they did their duty. Britton did not notice the catch in the oath and the result was perfect. It was proven, by leading the witnesses, that Britton was from Mississippi and had stolen a beautiful span of white horses; that he had taken the life of the owner of the horses, and that he was in Texas under an assumed name.

The trial was one of the most interesting ever listened to in the town, and the spectators grew in number as the news of the trial spread abroad.

When the argument was concluded and the jury had retired I slipped Britton's hat under my coat front, allowing Britton to see it done, and asked permission to converse with Britton alone. "You have my permission," said the judge. "But you must remain in the court room."

"I fear, Your Honor, that will not answer my purpose. My conversation must not be heard by others. May I take him to the veranda?"

"Yes, you may, if you will be personally responsible for the prisoner's return to the court room."

"Thank you, Your Honor. I agree to that because I do not believe Mr. Britton would commit an act which would bring reproach upon himself or upon me, even if he knew he was to be hanged."

Mr. Britton and I walked out upon the veranda, which was twelve feet above the sidewalk. As the door was closed

I handed him his hat and said: "That jury will hang you as sure as you are alive. Now is your time to run. Run as though the devil was after you. RUN!"

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Britton as he seized his hat.

"Don't stop to thank me! Run! Take wings and fly!"

Britton did run. That is, he is supposed to have done so, for no one saw him run. With one leap he hit the ground. He bounded in the air like a rubber ball, and was gone.

"Catch him, catch him!" I cried, and I fired every barrel of my revolver in the air. In an instant everybody was out in the street yelling and firing, but no one knew the direction the man had taken.

It was believed he swam the river, because he was seen at daylight on the next morning sixteen miles away, wet and with clothing badly torn by catclaws. He was never heard of again.

Sixteenth

"THE DOINGS OF SPOOKS"

I was called to attend an inquest held beyond a point where a man had been killed by negroes. The body of the man had been hidden by the negroes behind a log which lay near the road where it ran through a very deep cut. It was in this deep cut in the road that the murder was committed. The log could not be seen from the road, and the foolish negroes thought they would never be discovered, but they were apprehended and hung.

The subject of the inquest was a small girl whom it was thought had been beaten to death by her father. It was 12 o'clock at night when I rendered my decision adverse to the suspicion. When I was ready to return home I was accosted by a negro school teacher who asked permission to ride with me until a certain road was reached which led to the negro's home. Before reaching that road I had to pass through the deep cut where the murder had been committed.

When the cut was reached the moon was shining like a mighty chandelier, and one could easily read by its light. The buggy was a very light vehicle, without a top, and the horse was a young and spirited animal. The horse was walking quietly up the hill through the cut, and everything was as still as death, except the faintly audible sounds of

the horse's steps in the deep, dry sand of the road. So far as I knew neither of us was thinking of the dead man, or of spooks of any kind. But our attention was forcibly called to them. Suddenly there was a terrible rattling of chains immediately under the buggy. The horse lunged forward as though stung by a keen lash, and the negro seized me around the waist with both arms as firmly as a vise and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Great God, doctor! What is that?"

For a moment neither of us moved. The negro would not and I could not. The negro quivered as though in a congestive chill, and hung on like grim death, but I succeeded after a while in extricating myself from his grasp. The horse trembled, as well as the negro, and he champed his bit and tested the lines in anxiety to get away. I tried to get the negro to get out and look under the buggy, but I might as well have ordered a mountain to move. I gave the lines to the negro, got out and searched under the buggy and all around on the roadside for some dog with chains or some other thing which could account for the uncanny situation. But nothing, absolutely nothing, could be found.

Driving on a way, the negro's road was reached and I told him to get out and go home.

"No, no, doctor! Before God, I can't do it," said the negro.

"Get out, you fool. There is nothing to harm you."

With a tremor in his voice the negro said: "No, my dear, good doctor! Please let me stay in the buggy. I have a wife and five children at home, but they won't see this nigger tonight."

Believing the man was really suffering from fright, he was allowed to remain in the buggy. But it was only for a short time. The road led close to a log house on the next farm. The negro saw a light in the house, and he went over the buggy wheel like a duck on the fly and he burst through the door of the house without stopping to give warning of any kind.

When within a few miles of the city I was driving slowly down a long sloping hill to a little stream which crossed the road. On the other side of the stream there was also a long slope, a counterpart of the one I was descending. I saw a large four-mule wagon coming down the hill in front of me. It was a typical country store wagon. Goods boxes were

piled high upon it, and the driver was in plain view sitting upon the most forward box. I heard the rattle of the trace chains and saw the mules and wagon as they moved along the road.

When within a few feet of the water, which was about an inch deep, I drove my horse to the side of the road for the wagon to pass, but it did not do it. It vanished like a dream.

I was certain I was not dreaming, because my young and frisky horse would not admit of that. Had I alone seen this phantom, and heard the chains under the buggy, I might have thought I had bats in my garret. Both the negro and the horse had heard the chains. I was not a believer in ghosts, so I believed there was some simple way of accounting for such uncanny things if one only knew how to do it. These occurrences have never been accounted for.

Seventeenth

"DR. JOHN HUNTER AS A MINISTER"

Dr. John Hunting and I, Dr. John Hunter, made a tour of the western part of Texas, selling land. On one occasion we were directed to the home of a Mr. Williams, who lived on what was then the frontier.

Williams had lived a long time in his neighborhood, and could be of much service to us in locating certain tracts of land.

Before reaching the Williams home we met Mr. Williams at a fence where he was plowing in his field. Dr. Hunting introduced himself, and then presented me, not as a physician, but as a young Presbyterian minister, who was an invalid, traveling for his health. Mr. Williams, very courteously, invited us to pass the time under his roof, but Hunting quickly declined, and told Williams that I had been ordered by my physician not to pass a night in a house. However, an invitation to supper was accepted and we drove into the woods near the Williams home and prepared a camp. As soon as we had driven away from Mr. Williams I said to Dr. Hunting: "You have played the devil! What on earth did you mean by introducing me as a minister? How can any sane man mistake me for an invalid?"

"Oh, it is just a joke. Humor it," said Hunting. "We will be away from here tomorrow, so what difference does it make?"

I believed I was equal to most occasions, but playing minister was a game I did not covet. I feared I would be called upon to do and say things of which I was wholly incapable. However, I yielded to Hunting's persuasion and resolved to play the part if I could.

When we were seated at the supper table Mr. Williams requested me to ask a blessing. I had often done so, and I summoned a sanctimonious voice and proceeded: "Gracious Lord, we beseech Thee to sanctify these blessings unto our use. Bless each member of this family; embue them with the Holy Ghost, and when they come to die I pray Thee to ornament Thy throne with their spotless souls. This we ask in the name of Thy martyred Son. Amen."

That seemed to be duly appreciated and I was as much relieved as though I had escaped through a fence crack from a maddened bull.

After a hearty feast upon the usual preacher's diet, and a little general conversation, I was requested to hold family prayer. That was a bumper which made me see stars. I knew I could not "face the music," but I kept a straight face and promptly replied:

"I am very sorry, my good brother, to refuse you, but the condition of my throat does not warrant much talking. My physicians have forbidden talking, and it is of no use to employ a physician unless you obey him. As much as I regret it, you will have to excuse me."

After that I suggested no subject of conversation and never said more than enough to make a point clear.

When Hunting insisted upon me playing the role of a minister he did not dream we would be held within the shadow of the Williams cottage for two long weeks instead of a day, as he had suggested. But such was the case. Every day Hunting and Williams would go away and look after the land sales, and leave me at the camp to amuse myself as best I could. As a matter of course I could take no part in the business now. It had to be left entirely with Hunting. Many a monotonous hour was spent in camp, but there were pleasant hours spent at the Williams home.

Each day I thought the next would end the farce, but the next only brought necessity for another until a Sunday

came. Hunting and Williams went away just as on any other day, and I dined at the Williams house. After dinner I went out for a walk. The frontier was dangerous, so I took a rifle in my hands. I had gone but a little way when a large buck sprang from a gulch and ran straight away. I placed the rifle to my shoulder and shot the buck down. I was now in a dilemma. I had either to conceal the act and lose the venison, a thing of which I was passionately fond, or confess the sin and save the meat. Here was a minister of the gospel shooting deer on Sunday. What an example for the world! What would the people think?

The report of the rifle had probably been heard and I would not be able to contravene the facts of the case, so I decided to confess the deed and explain favorably to myself if I could. I returned to the house and told Sister Williams what I had done. Apologizing for the act, I told her it had been committed in a thoughtless moment, hence without volition. It was an act committed without the sanction of the will, so it could not be a sin. Intention makes the crime, so I did not believe I would be held responsible for it.

The lady promptly agreed with me and called a young man to assist in bringing the deer to the house. A horse was saddled for the purpose and I rode him back to the place where the deer was killed. The deer was too large for any one man to handle, and it would not be wise for an invalid to exhibit much strength in assisting, so I threw the rope over the back of the horse and tied one end to the horns of the deer. On the other side of the horse, out of sight of the young man, I could exert considerable force without detection. The young man lifted the deer and I pulled on the rope. In this way it was raised to the saddle and securely tied behind it. Then in much complacency I mounted the old horse and started him off. The long horns of the buck tickled the horse in the flank and he yielded to his natural-born inclination. He humped his back in the middle like an angry cat and went up in the air. He bucked and bellowed like a frightened steer and the fourth time he came to earth he landed me, the deer and the saddle in a jumbled mass upon the ground. By the assistance of the young man, who expressed great sympathy for the invalid, I came out of the tangle of flesh, leather and iron without a scratch. The deer was then tied to the old nag's tail and dragged home.

The Sunday escapade became the talk of the country, but the minister's infirmity secured for him the sympathy of the people.

Many and varied were the remarks made, but with one accord the people said it was sad that so young a man should be in such a deplorable physical condition. Really, I was never in better health at any time in my whole life, and the imagination of my sympathizers was past understanding.

On the next day I borrowed a horse from Mrs. Williams and rode over to a country store at the suggestion of Dr. Hunting. As I walked through the store Dr. Hunting, who was waiting for the fun without ever having advised me of his intentions, called me over across the floor and introduced me to an old, gray-headed man with long white hair. "Brother Boyd," said he, "let me introduce my companion, Parson Hunter, who is also a Presbyterian preacher."

I was astonished; shocked. "Great Lord! What will happen now?" I thought. But I stepped forward promptly and gave Brother Boyd my hand. I expressed great pleasure at meeting the venerable gentleman and invited him to my camp, at the same time intending to be far away should the invitation be accepted.

After a few moments I was given another shock, one I can never forget. Brother Boyd asked me a question which came like a report from an unloaded gun. "My good brother, what synod do you belong to?"

I knew no more about a synod than a billy-goat does about a gellery play, but I had to respond.

"Oh, sir, I am not an ordained minister. I have not left the seminary yet."

"Ah, indeed. What seminary are you attending?"

I knew as little about Presbyterian seminaries as I did about the bottom of the sea, so I clasped my hands across my abdomen, bent my body almost double and groaned.

"Oh, oh! I've got it again! Oh, oh!"

"What is the matter, my brother? What on earth is the matter?"

"It is only one of my usual pains. How I did hope to pass the day without them!" And I kept on groaning.

In great sympathy, emphatically expressed, Brother Boyd said: "What can I do for you, brother? Let me do

something for you. Come over to my house. It is not far away."

"No, no. The best place for me is my camp. Please assist me to mount my horse."

"Certainly, sir. With much pleasure I will." He took hold of my arm and assisted me to and upon the saddle. Then Mr. Boyd said:

"I will get my horse and go with you."

"No, indeed, you will not," said I. "I would not allow you to trouble yourself about me. I will be all right in a little while. Good-bye!" I then rode away in the direction of my camp still holding one hand over my abdomen and bending forward in the saddle. As soon as I was out of sight I put spurs to the horse and sent him down the road at a Paul Revere gait, and I laughed until I nearly fell off the brute. I looked back and sang: "There are times when you'd like to be at home."

By agreement, the land buyers were to meet at the court house and get their deeds, and it was agreed also that I should throw off my cloak of religion at the same time and place in presence of Brother Boyd.

The deeds were all signed, the money paid, and Hunting was sitting in the buggy ready for the grand finale.

I told everyone present good-bye, reserving Boyd for the last, gave my hand to the reverend gentleman, who had bought a piece of land, and said to him: "Good-bye, my good brother. You have some damned good land," and here Boyd interrupted me.

"What is this? What is this I hear?"

"I say you have some damned good——"

"Hush, hush!" said Boyd, and he dropped my hand as forcibly as a man would drop a hot brick, and stood in silent amazement as I got into the buggy and rode away amid the shouts of laughter from those who had stood around for the purpose.

E i g h t e e n t h

"A MOON-EYED HORSE"

One night I was called to see a patient who lived ten miles out in the country. A quarter moon was shining and gave just light enough to make every white thing in the woods look alike.

A road wound and twisted through the tall pines. Here and there a narrow streak of sand was seen in the road where it was much worn by one-horse country carts and wagons.

I was riding a large, fine horse, but he was moon-eyed, so called because he could not see well when the moon was shining. I called him "Mooney" so as not to forget his infirmity, which to say the least of it, was very annoying at times.

I had acquired the habit of sleeping in the saddle, as I could in that way compensate for many a sleepless hour spent at the bedside of some poor sufferer.

On that particular night I took two separate naps. From the first nap I awoke in great trepidation. "Mooney" was bobbing up and down to such an extent that I was terribly shaken. I was almost jostled out of my wits. As my eyes were opened I seized the horn of the saddle and cried out: "Whoa! Whoa, Mooney! My God, have you got a fit?" He certainly seemed to have a fit. I could think of nothing else which would cause such queer action. The first instinctive thought was to leap from the saddle. If I jumped I might be injured, yet I was afraid to remain in the saddle because the horse must soon fall and might cripple me for life. Sitting upon the back of a horse in a fit is by no means a nerve. When I could endure it no longer I leaped from the saddle and landed in the dew-wet grass alongside of what I had mistaken for white sand in the road. Instead of sand, it was a long, limbless pine log which had lain many years in the sun and was barkless and bleached white. The horse had left the road and was trying to walk the log.

The road was found and "Mooney" was again headed for the patient's home. The sick man should have been reached by 5 o'clock that morning, but he was not seen until after 8.

I did not know at what hour I went to sleep the second time, but when I awakened my horse was eating green corn in a fence corner and the sun was shining in my face.

Nineteenth

"SURGERY IN THE DARK"

I was visiting the widow of a family named Snow. Dur-

ing the visit Billie Snow, one of the grown sons of the widow, killed a neighbor named Snap Bean. The killing was done with a small pocketknife used in self-defense. Though conscious of right, yet fearing results even though in the hands of the officers, Billie made an escape. He crossed the Colorado River, which was quite near by, and entered the dense forest which covered miles of country on that side.

The Beans were large cattle owners and had at their command at all times a great number of men, both good and bad. In less than an hour a hundred men were on Billie's trail, swearing to kill him on sight. He was aware of this, but must have food, and must take chances in procuring it. Having withstood the cries of an empty stomach sufficiently long, he got down on his hands and knees at midnight and entered his home gate. He passed several of his enemies, as he grunted like an old hog carelessly looking for food along the ground. It was too dark for the men to see that his feet stuck out behind him.

After entering the gate, which fortunately was open, he passed under the house, lifted a loose board in the floor of the kitchen and entered the building. His mother was on the alert, as mothers always are, and she gave him food and drink. She arranged a sack of things to eat and he tied it over his stomach. Then he got down on his hands and knees again and passed out by the seekers of his life and returned to his refuge in the forest.

Before leaving the kitchen he exacted of his mother the promise that she would request me to visit him at 12 o'clock of the next night at a spring six miles down in the forest, and dress his wounded hand. His hand had been badly cut in the fray, and having no attention was in danger of blood poison.

I recognized the request as either the result of extreme necessity, grave apprehension or a violent presumption of friendship. I realized the perils of such an act, but I recalled the many evidences of friendship manifested by the family, and decided to attempt the hazardous journey.

The night was very dark and a person could be seen but a little way off, nevertheless the undertaking was such as to require some determination to accomplish it. The whole country around was filled with desperate men—men who would not hesitate to take the life of anyone caught

shielding the man they sought.

At 11 o'clock I passed out of the house, armed with a dark lantern, a surgeon's pocket case, a Colt's revolver and a haversack well filled with good things for the inner man. I crossed the backyard and entered a large cane field, from which I emerged at a point very near the forest. On entering the forest I breathed easier. I believed I would be less liable to collide with the enemies of my friend in the thick wood. But alas, how false was my reasoning. Just as I was consoling myself with the thought I saw three objects which I supposed to be men. They were not fifty feet away. I was not sure they were looking toward me, but I was sure I saw them move. A moment more and all doubt was removed. One of them hailed me.

"Who goes there?"

I did not reply. I was just at the limit of vision in the darkness and I knew it would require a second to disappear. It required but one strong, long leap and I leaped for my life. I darted into the brush like a frightened deer and I changed the direction of travel at the same time. As I made my leap the hissing of flying bullets and the sharp crack of pistols lent impetus to my fast receding form. In a moment I felt that I was safe; safe from men who seemed anxious to stain their hands in blood.

The signals agreed upon while Billie was in the kitchen with his mother were a low, soft whistle which was to be answered by the hoot of an owl.

When I believed I was near the spring I whistled. But the owl did not hoot. What a dreadful feeling of anxiety crept over me! I felt so alone and so helpless. Had they caught Billie? If so, had they murdered him? Could there have been a mistake about the place of meeting, or of the signals? Had I reached the right spot for whistling? These and many were the self-propounded questions which arose to my mind as I stood alone in the dark wood with dreaded enemies all around me. Who knew but that Billie had been killed? Who knew but that his dead body was not at that very moment lying near my feet? Many and varied were the things which might have caused the failure to hoot. Dead or alive, he must be found, and the reason for not responding to the whistle must be learned.

With much caution I moved deeper into the forest and

whistled again. This time I was startled. The hoot followed immediately and was so near I could almost feel Billie's warm breath upon my ear. The imitation was so perfect it was difficult to believe it was not the hoot of the real old bird of ill omen; the bird so dreaded because of the superstition which surrounds it.

A cup of water was gotten from the spring and we stooped down very near to each other, face to face. We drew Billie's blanket over our heads and close around us to prevent the light being seen when the lantern was brought into use.

The wound extended entirely across the hand, and the bleeding had been stopped by placing a piece of leather pocketbook over it. The hand had been closed tightly down upon the leather and had remained so since the hour of the cutting.

When half of the necessary stitches had been taken in the wound the solder of the lantern melted away and the oil ran out. It promptly took fire and burned in a big, bright blaze. Immediately we sprang to our feet and threw the blanket off. That exposed the light to any person who might be around and we knew full well that anyone who saw it would shoot at it. I threw the blanket over the flame and smothered it. Then we moved several rods deeper into the forest and the remaining stitches were taken in the dark.

Just before daylight I reached my room and went to bed, feeling I had done my duty to a friend.

On the following day I attempted to discharge my pistol that it might be freshly loaded, but not a barrel would shoot. It was evident that had I attempted to defend myself with that pistol I would have been committing suicide.

Twentieth

"MAROONED"

A brother of mine was more fond of hunting than I, and was pretty nearly as ready for a hazard as I. We ventured an expedition on an uninhabited island fifteen miles from the mainland in an eighteen-foot canoe. We landed in safety and spent several days of pleasure roaming the island over, but found no game.

The wind arose almost to a gale and forced us to remain

upon the island many more days than were anticipated.

We consumed all of our food and had not been successful in the pursuit of fowl or beast of any character whatever with which we could replenish our larder.

The storm raged and we grew hungry. Three days of diligent search resulted in absolute failure to discover anything which could be utilized as food.

Hunger began to pinch severely and we decided it would be no worse for us to starve to death in the woods of the island than at our camp, besides there was nothing to be gained at the camp, while it was possible some means of success might be reached by continuing the search. We directed the little negro boy whom we had taken along to do the chores of the camp, to keep constantly on the fire a pot of boiling sea water, and we agreed to leave the camp in different directions and never return unless something for food was found.

We shook hands, embraced each other and bade farewell, because neither of us expected ever to see the other again. It was a sad moment, but each forced a cheerful smile on parting by way of bracing up the other.

I had proceeded but a little way when I discovered a movement in the tall marsh grass which grew close by the waterside. I was afraid to try to learn what was causing the grass to move. Afraid it might be some kind of an animal which would elude me. I did not care what it was. Anything from a rat to an elephant would suit me. A polecat would have been highly appreciated. Meat was what I wanted and meat was what I must have. I cocked both barrels of my gun and I fired both at the same time directly at the moving grass.

Trembling with the weakness of hunger, and fearing I had missed the mark, I ran to the spot and found, to my great gratification, I had killed a hungry old sow.

The most promptly obtainable thing was the liver, a thing I had always loathed. But I had drawn my pocket-knife as I ran and I cut out a part of the liver and started to the camp. My brother, having heard the shot, came to me and in a short space of time we were ravenously devouring half-cooked liver, the sweetest morsel it had ever been our privilege to eat. At our leisure we secured the rest of the animal, upon which we subsisted during the next three days.

On the third day after the liver feast the storm had

calmed to a marked degree and we put our lanterns, bedding—in fact, all of our belongings—into the boat and started home in the afternoon. Tide and wind were against us and progress was very slow. We had hoped to reach the shore by the end of the afternoon, but it seemed an impossibility. The night came on and was very dark. We battled with the waves until our strength was exhausted. We could no longer wield the oars with force and the tide was taking us out to sea.

I saw a light in the distance and it proved to be a passing steamboat. Instantly I recalled the fact that I was a Mason and it was more than probable there was a Mason on that boat. It would, indeed, be unusual not to find a Mason in a bunch of men of sufficient numbers to man a ship. At any rate, I caused that ship to turn her course, slow down, take us in and land us safely upon the shore. Of course you wonder how I did it. All that I will tell you of the how it was done is that any Mason could tell you if he would.

Twenty-First

“A BRUSH WITH INDIANS”

I went out on the Staked Plains of Texas for a hunt, accompanied by Dr. Bower of Alabama. We were strenuously advised against the expedition, as wild Indians were still in the country and the undertaking was a dangerous one. Two months previously a party of eight had undertaken the same expedition and not one of them ever returned. However, this did not deter Dr. Bower or me. We crossed the Colorado River and went into Tom Green County, which was at that time four hundred miles long and extended to the Mexican border. The country was filled with wild animals, and panthers and Mexican lions screamed about our camp every night, while wolves rent the air with their howlings and robbed us of many an hour's sleep.

We camped one night about fifty miles beyond the most western settlement. Our tent was at the foot of a flat top hill, which lay between streams, just at the confluence of Brady Creek and a tributary stream from the south. The hill pointed at the meeting of the two waters and was covered with tall grass. The tent was on the side of the tributary stream and just across the hill on Brady Creek

there was a clump of sycamore and elm trees. On the other side of Brady Creek from the clump of trees there was a vast valley of sunflowers extending to the rising hills beyond.

Late in the afternoon I picked up my rifle and walked away, saying "I will go over to the clump of trees and bring back a turkey for breakfast." I crossed over the hill and began the descent toward the trees. I had gone but a few feet down when I heard a rustle in the underbrush which grew thick beneath the trees.

There was a simultaneous "Ough" which came from the brush, and brought me to a sudden stand. Immediately a group of Indians sprang to their feet. My feelings at that moment can never be accurately described. My surprise was truly great. My scalp contracted as though under the influence of some powerful astringent. I had but the one gun and the one cartridge, but I threw the gun to my shoulder and fired. As I did this I ran back over the hill, and it seemed that every Indian was armed and fired at me. Just as I reached the point where the descent began I fell, and that is perhaps what saved my life.

Dr. Bower, hearing the rapid firing, knew there was trouble and he came to the rescue as quickly as possible, bringing every gun in the camp. He met me at the middle of the hilltop and we breathlessly awaited the coming of the redskin foe. There was no time for planning; we simply acted upon thoughts which had frequently presented since we left our homes and friends to risk our lives in a country infested with wild Indians and ferocious beasts.

There was but one of two things to do. We must stand, fight and take the possible chance of life, or show the white feather and die like dogs at the hands of pitiless brutes. Every moment we expected to see the red faces pop up from behind the hill, and we stood ready to give battle at the first glimpse of their heads. Each moment seemed a day and it seemed the day would never end.

Just as the sun was fading out of sight we saw a group of men emerge from the sunflowers, on the other side of the Valley, and disappear in the distance beyond the hills. We then returned to our camp and entered the tent, expecting to be fired upon at any hour of the night. We made no fire, ate no supper, and we laid down with our clothes on and our guns in our hands. We dared not sleep and we

passed the hours in silence until about 4 o'clock in the morning.

At that hour the tent door opened and a dark object stood squarely in it. In an instant there was a deafening report of a rifle and the intruder fell directly into the bed between us. Quicker than it can be told, we were on the outside of the tent. We were not expecting company with whom we cared to spoon, so we gave up the whole bed. We just rolled out under the sides of the tent and met at the back of it.

At the dawn of day Dr. Bower peeped under the tent, and he saw a large black bear stiff in death in the middle of the bed. He had shot the bear through the heart, but did not until that moment suspect the deadliness of his aim.

A bullethole was found through my hat and one through my shirt, under the right arm, which showed how near I had come to answering the last call.

A trail of blood showed the directions the Indians had taken, and it was believed one of them had been carried away, as was their custom when one is either killed or seriously wounded. The one shot prevented an attack upon our camp that night, and probably saved our lives.

Twenty - Second

"A SACRIFICIAL CAVE"

The widow Nelson and Miss Higgins of San Francisco explored a cave in company with Joe Kopp and myself. That particular cave was in the middle of a lava flow which was half a mile wide and perhaps thousands of years old. It was known as the Sacrificial Cave and most persons were afraid to go into it. It was filled with skeletons and tradition said tons of blood had been spilt in it.

The entrance was a large opening about twenty feet wide, as many deep, and dropped straight down to a very rough floor. The little party reached the floor by means of ropes. This, the first room, extended some fifty feet underground and inclined toward the sea. The ceiling was twelve feet high. In the center of the large room there was a pile of rocks four feet high, four feet wide, six feet long, and capped by a smooth flat rock which covered the entire top accurately. Upon this flat rock many a person had yielded up the ghost to some imaginary, or to some flesh and blood god. The back wall did not appear to be

natural. It was evidently a work of art and the party found a concealed passway through it, very near the floor. The passage was closed by an immense rock which required the combined strength of the entire party to dislodge it.

I led the party through the passway, which was thirty feet long and barely large enough to admit one person at a time in a stooping posture. In concealed apartments on either side of the passway there were many curiosities, such as beads, belts, etc., which were added to my collection. There were also vast quantities of human bones in each of the rooms. In many localities in the cave there were great piles of crumbling bones. Occasionally a single skeleton would be found. Some were in plain view upon the floor and others were hidden in secret crannies high up on the walls where it would seem impossible to take a corpse.

About a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the cave, in the center of the floor, there was a large rock which resembled a turtle and it was carved all over with hieroglyphics. To constitute hieroglyphics, characters must have a significance, and it was believed these had, as they were seen in several other caves, many of them being exactly alike. They pre-dated the knowledge of man, and the only tradition concerning them was that they were the writings of conjurers and sorcerers in the years of superstition, long since passed.

Farther along in the cave we came to a corpse in a dugout—a coffin made of the trunk of a tree of hardwood which had endured for ages, but it was now advanced in decay and only required a jolt to crumble it to fragments, if not to dust. I gave the coffin a kick, unseen by the women, and it fell to pieces, corpse and all. The candles carried by Kopp and I were instantly blown out, and each woman uttered a lively scream and grabbed her man. As it was not very pleasant to be seized by a screaming woman, the candles were relighted and the screaming ceased.

When we had sufficiently amused ourselves we returned to the mouth of a cave. There I found a vertebra of a jackass. Unobserved, I penciled a nose, mouth, eyes and ears upon the smooth articular surface of the bone, and it resembled an Episcopal priest to a very comical extent. I stooped down and pretended to pick it up at the moment and proclaimed the finding of a Hawaiian god. Hawaiian

gods were scarce and of high price, hence the find was a rare and valuable one.

The ladies became wild with excitement over it and after many expressions of admiration and desire for ownership I promised to ship the god by express to them at their home in San Francisco.

Every person met by the ladies afterward was told of the valued possession and the expressions of countenance worn by the women told of their delight more forcibly than words could express.

They promised to write, but they never did. The horse laugh they got on exhibiting their Hawaiian god in San Francisco must have induced feelings they did not care to express upon paper.

Twenty-Third

"COURTING IN A FISH POND"

There was a beautiful girl living in the country. Her home was two miles from the main road which led to a famous fish pond. I had not yet graduated at medicine and was attending college, but I became deeply infatuated with the girl and was frequently in her company.

One afternoon I took her to the fish pond. The horse was tied to a tree. We took a boat and were soon lost to view among the trunks of lofty water-born trees. The pond occupied many acres of ground and was thickly studded with tall cypress trees which were draped with long waving gray moss that cast spooky shadows upon the dark water. Ducks, water turkeys, comorants and cranes of every description squawked and flitted here and there both upon the trees and upon the water. The unique surroundings produced the weird state in which one feels at the same time spooky and romantic.

We came to the trunk of a fallen tree so inclined that a person could walk upon it. The limbs were laden with beautiful moss and the girl expressed a desire for some of it. With the agility of youth I sprang upon the log and secured the moss. But when I attempted to return to the boat the lady gave a strong stroke of the paddel and sent it far out of my reach.

"Now, if you were my lover," she said, "I would hold you where you are until you said 'Yes.'"

"How romantic that sounds. I am your lover. Now

will you let me get into the boat and prove it?"

"Yes," she said, and the boat was placed at my feet.

When I was safely seated in the boat I dared her to walk upon the log as I had done.

"I am as active and fearless as you are, sir. Take the boat to the tree and I will convince you."

As nimbly as a gazelle she sprang upon the log and was ready in a moment to return to the boat with a handful of the moss. But it was my time now. I had gotten her on the log for the purpose. "Now," said I, you will say 'Yes' to me or drown in an attempt to swim to the shore. Will you marry me? Say 'Yes' or I will leave you where you are."

She looked me in the eye as though in a deep brown study and after a seemingly long pause she spoke:

"Are you in earnest? Do you mean what you say?"

"Do I not look it? Do I not act it? Does not every word I utter carry its full meaning? Of course I mean it. Say 'Yes' and forever drive from my anxious breast that constant longing which is ever present in a single man's breast. Get into the boat and name a day. Name an hour. The earlier the better."

"Your manner reassures me, and I say 'Yes.'"

"Then name an hour."

"Anytime would suit me," she said. "I would say right now."

"Right now is impossible, since we have no license and no minister, but we may drive immediately to town and get them."

We started for the shore and I was so excited I jammed the boat into many a tree. But that was no surprise. I could not keep my eyes off of the girl. She was short, plump, had dark hair, ravishing black eyes and was built like a quail. With a fair complexion and rosy cheeks she resembled a rich, ripe peach just ready to drop, and I imagined myself holding the basket into which the peach was to fall.

We started to the town to secure the license and there were but a few words spoken. I did a lot of thinking and she was as silent as a budding rose.

Mentally, I recalled the fact that my mother disliked the girl because she had attended a dance within two months of a brother's burial, and my father agreed with my mother. Certainly neither parent would rejoice at the

act. Madam Rumor said she had been engaged before, and she might have been kissed by some other fellow, in which event I would not want her for a wife. The more I reflected upon the grave question the greater grew my desire to recant. What does a medical student want with a wife, anyway? What could I do with her? It was sure I could not take her to my old home, and I had no other place for her. Indeed, I was up again a difficult proposition.

We were approaching a road which led to her home, so I offered her the privilege of driving. When she had taken the reins I told her if she drove beyond the road which led to her home I would believe she was in earnest. To my dismay she drove on past the road as though it had no existence. I fully believed she would turn into the road, but I was grasping at a straw. I felt like a man who is about to be drowned.

The city church steeples were now in sight and the town clock was striking the hour of seven. Soon it would be too late for me or her to change mind and not become the talk of the town. We caught sight of the court house where the license office was located and a chill ran down my back. I stopped the horse still in the road, screwed up more courage than I dreamed I possessed, and said to her:

"Do you not think we are a little hasty? Would you not prefer waiting a while, perhaps a week?" In a subdued tone she replied:

"Just as you like, sir."

That settled the matter and we were soon in her father's parlor, where we sat until midnight, almost in silence. We just gazed at the fire and listened in deep sighs as they came from each other's throbbing breast.

Long before the week of waiting was over I discovered she was engaged to six other deluded lads who were expecting to reap the fond embraces of the dizzy damsel.

I immediately resigned from the club.

Twenty - Fourth

"KILAUEA—ASLEEP IN A CRATER"

The road which leads from Hilo to the Hawaiian volcano Kilauea is thirty miles long and is a veritable dream. It winds in and out of gulches, through dense forests and rises with a 6 per cent grade nearly all the way. It was

constructed by the Government at a cost of many thousand dollars per mile. Nature has hedged this road with wild flowers and fruits which bloom and bear all the year around. Roses, belladonna, blossoms, honeysuckle and other flowers fill the air with a mingled aroma, and the eye feasts upon the richest of green foliage. The thick forest of tall trees is made denser by the fern trees and the ie-ie vine which reaches to the tops of tall trees, completely enveloping them, and saps them of life.

So tropical is the scenery along this road that one expects to see monkeys hanging by their tails; parrots flit from limb to limb, or serpents squirming among the branches of the trees. One listens for the squawk of large birds and the twitter of small ones, but is disappointed. There is neither a wild monkey nor a parrot nor a snake upon either of the islands of the group, and the absence of small birds is marked.

The Volcano Hotel is situated at the very brink of the crater. All around about and under the house sulphur steam escapes from fissures in the ground. It is from those that sulphur steam is piped into the bath room, where natural sulphur baths are taken for the cure of disease as well as for pleasure. From every front window of the hotel a good view of the crater can be had, though but few visitors are satisfied until they go down into it.

Kilauea, the large crater, is three miles in diameter, nine hundred feet deep, and holds the lesser crater within its bounds. The lesser crater is just a great hole, half a mile in diameter, which seems to drop down through the floor of the large crater.

One descends, either on foot or on horseback, along a zigzag trail made for the purpose. When the floor is reached a trail is found which leads to the small crater and is marked by whitewash on large stones. There are no footprints. The floor is formed of lava, cooled into a crust which rests upon the melted stuff below, and no one knows how thick the crust is. The floor is as irregular in its convolutions and depressions as the face of a raging sea, and it rises gradually toward the small crater. The small crater is called Halemaumau, which in the Hawaiian tongue means House of Ever-Living Fire. It is constantly aglow and is frequently disturbed by violent action. The large crater is only in a molten state at intervals of years. The process of cooling has riven the floor of the crater

with large and small cracks, and long before Halemaumau is reached one sees hot sulphur steam and apparently tongues of fire leaping from them. Many of the cracks are so hot one cannot stand near them without burning one's shoes. They have to be crossed by a quick jump to avoid inhaling the hot steam which is pungent with sulphur.

At periods of time varying in length "Madame Pele," the goddess of fire, who, according to Hawaiian lore, lives in and controls the volcano, becomes angry and spits her wrath through this mighty hole in the earth with hellish effect. The great pit fills to overflowing with molten stone which splashes and roars, and terror fills the hearts of the superstitious. Sometimes Halemaumau assumes a state of semi-quietness when full. An idea of it may be gained by comparing it to an inverted saucer. The little rim upon which the saucer sits when upright represents when inverted the rim of Halemaumau when full. The rim of the small crater, distinctly elevated above the floor of the large crater, is formed by lava cooled by contact with the air as it rises out of the mouth of the crater. Thus it forms its own barrier to its overflow. There is a constant heating and cooling of the surface of the pit, and it changes from the various colors of red to white and back again to red. This occurs in streaks which, criss-crossing and paralleling, reminds one of a million of fiery serpents writhing in a jumbled mass. The lava hisses and sizzles, and bursting now and then with a loud report open fountains which send columns of melted stone hundreds of feet into the air. The glow, as seen from the hotel at night, interrupted by a play of lava fountains, is entrancing. Imagine a rocket many millions of times larger than any you have ever seen and you will conceive something of an idea of a fountain in a volcano. Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of Halemaumau when full, one may approach from the windward near enough to stir the lava with a stick. The stick will burn as tissue paper over a spirit lamp.

East of the volcano it rains nearly every day, while on the west it seldom rains at all.

Beyond the volcano the road leads in part over bare lava, a flow over which vegetation has not yet grown. In such sections there is no digging of postholes or graves. Posts are stood upon end and rocks piled around them until they stand. Where the natives did not deposit their dead in caves they laid them upon the ground and built graves

by piling rocks upon and around them until the corpses were several feet under rock. The rocks were usually evenly laid and formed an oblong square four feet high, four feet wide and six feet long. They were made amply large to prevent disturbance by wild dogs.

I visited Kilauea one night in company with two other men. Everything seems exaggerated at night, and distant objects seem much nearer than they really are. Heated points show more distinctly, contrasts are greater and the yawning cavern seems more formidable by starlight than by the light of the sun.

We reached the little crater and sat on the very brink, allowing our feet to hang over the roaring, bubbling, melted stone fifteen hundred feet below us, and we enjoyed the most wonderful, awe-inspiring scene of all God's creations.

Growing tired and sleepy we laid down and were soon lost to all the discomforts of our stony bed. We did not awake until aroused by the sun, which was shining hot upon us. We had slept withing six feet of the fiery hole, at the bottom of which there was a boiling, bubbling mass of melted stone, which surely can be of no less heat than the place we all so dread.

Upon arising we extinguished our lanterns and started across the floor of the large crater toward the hotel. We noticed a large crack which formed a complete crescent around the place where we had spent the night. Each end of the crescent crack broke into the rim of the little crater.

Long before reaching the wall of the large crater, up which one must climb to reach the hotel, we heard a long, loud roar; a terrible, continued rumbling which echoed and re-echoed and terrified us with its hellish reverberations. Thinking the crater was performing some wonderful feat, we went back to it.

When we reached the crater we found the whole of the crescent upon which we had passed the night, a part of the time in oblivious slumber, had slipped its moorings and was fifteen hundred feet below and melting in the heated liquid stone.

We looked down over the rugged cliff, far down into the horribly heated abyss, shuddered and thanked God for our escape from a dreadful death.

"A JOKER PUNISHED"

At a hotel in Fort Worth, then a town of six hundred inhabitants, there was a dance given in honor of Dr. Hunting and myself. The crowd was slow in gathering and when a few couples had arrived I planned a joke on them. I asked Hunting to tell the crowd that I, Hunter, was a fine fellow but had fits, and at times was very dangerous. However, it was easy to escape me, as premonitory symptoms always foretold the coming of an attack. Dr. Hunting told them that when an attack was coming on I would rise from my seat, turn around and sit down again without ever making a break in conversation. After a third turn I would become wild and scatter persons and things to the four winds.

Through sympathy, or curiosity, the crowd gathered around me on one side of the room. Suddenly I jumped up, turned around and sat down again without appearing to realize what I had done. In a moment some of the crowd passed over to the other side of the room. In a few minutes I arose and turned again. Quickly everyone left me except two ladies who were seated immediately next to me, one on each side. They exhibited dire distress, but I held them by not lagging in conversation. I arose for my third turn and the two ladies went like frightened swallows to the outer door. The rest of the crowd followed in reckless haste, almost climbing over each other in the flight.

For an instant I was the sole occupant of the ballroom, but a burst of hearty laughter brought the crowd back. Some took the joke kindly, others laughed hysterically, while others were hard to convince that such a joke, without foundation in fact, could be played with such a straight face.

A few nights after leaving Fort Worth we camped in the brush which grew at the side of a flowing stream, and we made our bed underneath the buggy to avoid the dew.

About 2 o'clock in the morning we were aroused from a deep sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs. The clatter came nearer and nearer and grew louder as it approached. We concluded a herd of stampeded horses was passing, but as we were a little way from the road and our animal was chained to a tree, we felt quite safe.

few embers of the campfire still showed the situation

of the buggy, and just as the wildly rushing herd dashed into the crossing of the creek the Indian warwhoop rang clear and loud upon the chilled air of the night. Along with the whoop there came a rain of bullets and arrows, and we glided into the thickest of the brush near by.

On returning to the buggy, after all danger had passed, we found one spoke of a hind wheel had been shattered by a bullet and an arrow had pinned the blankets together in the middle of the bed.

Notwithstanding the danger had passed, we did not sleep any more that night.

Twenty-Sixth

"IN AN EARTHQUAKE CRACK"

While living in Hilo, Hawaii, I made a trip around the crater of Kilauea with Sam Wallace, Nicolas Dutro and Thomas Mallard. When we reached the sand flow on the opposite side of the crater from the hotel, which tradition says blew out of the crater like a great flying river and buried a wing of Kameamea's army, we found footing exceedingly difficult and dangerous. The sand is light, soft and fluffy, being of pulverized pumice. The sand flow is two miles wide and is riven with cracks, both large and small. They diverge from the crater like spokes from the hub of a wheel and they vary in width from an inch to many feet. Many of the narrow cracks are covered with sand and could not be seen. Frequently the foot of a horse, or both front or hind feet, would slip into one of these hidden cracks and frighten himself and his rider dreadfully. The animal would lunge and struggle until he pulled himself out of it, but the uncertainty of success would try the nerves of man and beast.

Hot sulphur fumes blew up through certain places in the cracks, so pungent as to be painful to noses and eyes. Even the horses realized the peril, for though they were willing, spirited brutes, they practically refused to continue the journey. Find it so difficult to get them along, each one was tied securely to the saddle of the other and they were left. We proceeded on our treacherous route on foot.

Time has proven the tradition of Kameamea's army and the sand flow quite true, for erosion has exposed extensive fields of bleaching bones. Upon nearing the vast and ancient sepulchre the scene of the soft, smooth sand is

changed into that of a gruesome sight. The different bones of the human frame could be recognized by their exposed points. Arm and leg bones protruded many inches above the surface, and hip bones, skulls, ribs and backbones could be plainly seen. Teeth and nose and eyesockets peeped through the sand and suggested the presence of spooks. The scene produced a sensation at once uncanny and chilling. The bleached bones, in contrast with the dark brown sand, suggested a field of mushrooms ready for the harvest.

At length we reached a long and wide earthquake crack. Doubtless it antedated the sand flow by many years. Like all cracks of the kind, it was wider at some points than at others. At certain places it could be easily crossed while at others it was not less than a hundred feet wide and apparently bottomless.

By means of jutting crags we went down into the crack. We jumped from ledge to ledge and assisted each other by holding a hand or foot as suited our convenience at the time. When we had gotten down about four hundred feet into the crack we passed under rocks which had become jammed at a narrow point of the crack and had closed it from that point upward. Dislodgements of time had filled in from above and formed a complete bridge many feet thick. Going on down underneath this bridge we were soon where the sun never shines and all was blackest night. We lighted our candles and proceeded on down, going farther and farther from the light of day all the while.

Finally we were stopped by a precipitous decline where further progress was too hazardous by dim candlelight. We had reached the edge of a bottomless abyss. There dropped down before us a great and frightful hole as black as night and nothing could be seen beyond it. Now it was seen that further progress was impossible, lights or no lights, for there was no way to pass around the ugly hole. It occupied the entire space across the crack. Rocks of fifty pounds or more in weight were rolled into the cavern and no sound returned, notwithstanding every ear was strained in the endeavor to hear them strike somewhere.

Of course this necessitated our return, and we started away fully determined to return with lanterns and ropes and descend to the full depths of the frightful pit, if it was possible to do so.

The return journey was an exhausting task. We climbed under great difficulties, expecting momentarily to

see the light of day, but the darkness hung on. We were puzzled and greatly alarmed. We feared we had, in some mysterious way, lost our course and were entombed in the bowels of the earth forever. Life would be a burden under such circumstances, but fortunately it would not last long.

After all, what difference does it make where a man dies? He has but one time to die, and an early demise sometimes averts a deal of pain and sorrow. When a man is dead he is soon forgotten, even though imperishable marble indicates the fact that he once lived. Be this as it may, but few are ever ready to go; and it was certain neither of us were ready, or willing to go. We tried hard to discover a key to the trying situation and to devise means of deliverance from our lamentable situation.

Suddenly there was a startled exclamation by Mallard. "Ye gods, come here, boys!"

He had found our empty lunch sack which had been left at the point where we had entered the crack. It was indeed a joyous find, for by it we knew that we were upon the surface of the earth again. But we were puzzled by the darkness. Neither of us had a watch, and we never dreamed it was night until the clouds thinned away a little, a few stars twinkled for a moment and a pale moon was seen sinking in the distant sea. What hour of the night it was then, or what time we had spent in the bowels of the earth, no one could tell. Just at that moment we caught sight of the light on the flagpole at the hotel, which was evidently directly across the crater. By means of this light we determined upon a course and started to the hotel. In an airline the distance was four miles, but over the tortuous course we would have to take it was at least three times as great.

It began to rain and the wind blew out our candles and it became at once intensely dark. No wood for torches could be found upon the bare lava flow and no candle could live in the strong wind. Walking in the dark was exceedingly dangerous, for the surface was riven with cracks into which one might fall and disappear forever.

The storm brewed afresh, but as there is never a situation so grave but that there is something to be thankful for, we gave thanks for the repeated flashes of lightning which aided us in choosing the way. The moon was gone and all stars were hidden from sight. The angry black clouds hung low and hugged the earth like the somber drape-

ings of a bier. All at once the clouds seemed to burst and sent down a deluge which seemed to wet us to the very bone. Notwithstanding this, we proceeded slowly on, often getting down to feel the way with our hands.

After a time the rain ceased and we reached the timbered section, where we provided ourselves with torches. But the torches were of no value in showing the direction we should go. We completely lost our reckoning and after a consultation it was decided we would remain right where we were for the remainder of the night. Proceeding farther in the darkness, we might be forever lost in the dense wood.

A large fire was made of fallen logs, around which we sat contentedly talking and drying our clothes. But this was too good to continue. The rain began again and it came down in torrets, such as only Hawaii can produce. It wetted us thoroughly again, and put out every spark of our fire. Then we sat upon the the charred logs in the dark—wet, cold, sleepy, tired and hungry—and prayed for the coming of the dawn.

The first rays of light from the rising sun filled us with gratitude and disgust. We were within two hundred feet of the hotel fence.

T w e n t y - S e v e n t h

"IN A TEXAS CAVE"

There is a cave on the Colorado River called "McCree Cave." A crowd, of which I was a member, visited the cave in two large wagons. On fording the river, which was not more than three feet deep, a wagon was stopped by stones over which it could not pass without assistance. I knew what was necessary, so I leaped into the water and called upon the other men to follow me. By the combined strength of man and beast the wagon was taken on across.

The crossing was just above some dangerous rapids which terminate in a waterfall of several feet in height. The rocky bottom of the river was as slippery as though coated with oil. As the wagon moved off my feet slipped and I fell, going entirely under the water. It was difficult to regain footing once it was lost, for the force of the current was very strong. Every time I arose to the surface I would slip again and fall. My head was out of the water just often enough to keep from drowning. All the while

I was going downstream with the rapidity of the swift current. I struggled fiercely to maintain my footing, but it was impossible. I went over the falls in the terribly roaring water and disappeared from sight.

One of the ladies of the party fainted and the rest of them screamed. But the fright did not last long, because I was soon seen to climb up the bank below with only a few mementos of the occasion in the form of a few scratches and bruises.

McCree Cave opens into a perpendicular rock wall about two hundred feet high. This wall runs parallel to the river a great way and is broken here and there by gulches which take the rain water from the hills to the river. Between this wall and the water there is a flat table of land averaging fifty feet in width, which is also broken by gulches. Over one of these latter gulches it was impossible to take the wagons, so the horses were detached and ridden the remainder of the way to the cave.

There were no saddles, so the gentlemen mounted the horses bareback and each took a lady on behind him. The ladies rode sideways and each had to hold on to her man to keep from falling off. The more frisky the horse, the more tightly the girl had to hold, so the gentle old plug I was riding took on new life. He was tickled in the ribs just enough to insure a firm grasp around the waist by a pair of beautiful white arms. An occasional sharp kick in the side would make the old horse jump and insure a more warm embrace which was not altogether distasteful to me.

The first two hundred yards led straight into the cave, which was wide enough to admit a large wagon. Much farther in a pool of water about thirty feet wide was encountered, and it stretched from side to side of the cave. I led the the way into the water, feeling in front of me all the while with a pole. When safe passage was demonstrated the women were taken across in human chairs, made by a man holding his own left wrist with his right hand and the right wrist of some other man with the left hand. The men and women were all dressed as befitted the occasion, except a fastidious youth from Houston. He had been recently admitted to the bar, and was on his dignity. He wore a beautiful white flannel suit, patent leather shoes, a white collar and an immaculate white tie. He asked me to take him across the water as I had taken the

ladies. There was a ready assent, and a wink to one of the boys brought an assistant for making the human chair.

The lawyer was assisted to the seat and he held a hand on the head of each of us. He was in high glee and joked the other fellows about getting wet. When the middle of the pool was reached I pretended to stumble and I fell; at the same time I turned the lawyer heels over head in the water and he was completely submerged. When he arose to his feet he was coughing and sneezing and cursing up his sleeve. He was a much disgusted man and no doubt wondered why he had been such a fool as to request the ride.

A little farther on the cave became more interesting. It opened high and wide and the roof could only be seen by concentrating the torches and candles. There were myriads of stalactites and stalagmites both great and small, and each glistened with a silvery sheen.

While we were examining these wondrous works of nature there was a snarling growl heard in the darkness beyond us. Everyone was startled and the women seized each other in fright. Several of the men drew their pistols, and one of them fired in the direction of the noise. Immediately a large black bear rushed upon us. He knocked one of the ladies down and jumped over the lawyer, who was already down trying to hide behind the ladies, and disappeared in the direction of the mouth of the cave.

Frightened almost into imbecility, all of the women followed the bear. When the pool was reached there was no hesitation. They plunged into it as though it did not exist, and they came out on the other side wet to the waist. No form of appeal from the men could slacken their pace, and they tarried not until well beyond the mouth of the cave.

Twenty-Eighth

"A TIMID GROOM"

A bridal party doing a tour of the world was stopping at the Volcano House at the crater of Kilauea in Hawaii. They had been there several days, but had not been induced to go down into the crater, as all other visitors were doing. The groom was a natural-born coward, but the bride was as brave as a lioness. She was very anxious to go into the crater with the rest of the visitors, but her husband would not go nor would he permit her to go without him. She

was subject to the will of her peculiar "lord and master."

On the bride's account, as well as for the fun I expected to have out of him, I determined to get him into the crater if it was possible to do so. I made friends with the fellow, whom we will call "Lincoln" because he was from Lincoln, Neb.

After some days of persuasion the man was induced to make the trip, provided I would accompany him. We went on horseback and I took a position between Lincoln and his wife in a crowd which rode single file. It was not long after the floor of the large crater was reached that Lincoln began to express dismay and kick.

Sulphur fume was coming up from hot cracks all over the cool lava floor of the crater, and the nearer we were to the small crater the hotter they were. The small crater is a crater within a crater. It is but a deep half-mile diameter hole which just drops down through the floor of the large crater. Lincoln said he believed nine-tenths of those who went into the crater lost their lives and that the newspapers suppressed the fact in the interest of the hotel.

"Nonsense," said I. "This is as safe a place as there is upon the island. No life has ever been lost here except that of a man who died of fright. Just keep up a stout heart, a stiff upper lip, follow your guide and fear not."

Soon we reached a rock corral built on the floor of the large crater to protect the animals from cold wind which is often keenly felt in the crater. The animals cannot be taken any farther than the corral because the cracks become too hot and wide. When the crowd dismounted Lincoln seized the right arm of his wife and followed me. I led him out of the regular trail where he would have to cross an especially wide and hot crack. To lead him to the slaughter gradually he was taken across several smaller cracks first. Nevertheless when he began to feel the heat and smell the sulphur he balked and began to beg.

"I want to go home. Please take me out. This is a dangerous place. You have a right to commit suicide if you like, but you have no right to lead others in here to lose their lives. I want to go home."

"Then follow me," said I, "and I will lead you out. Just jump across this crack as you see I have done and we will return you to the corral."

That particular crack was the desired spot to which I wished to lead him. It was the hottest in the crater, but

Lincoln did not know it. Having seen me pass over the crack and remain alive, he gripped his wife's arm with renewed fervor and they leaped the crack together. When they landed on the other side they were completely enveloped in pungent sulphur fumes taken to that side by the wind. There was absolutely no danger, but the irritating smell was sufficient to impress Lincoln as never before. He yelled like a wild goat and begged the Hawaiian guide to take him home, and with wet eyes he looked appealingly at me as he spoke.

"I cannot go another foot. How do you know but that in five minutes we will all be in hell? I will not go another foot."

The poor devil stood all aquiver and tears rolled down his cheeks. I led him back to the corral, where he and his wife, the latter thoroughly disgusted, mounted horses and returned to the hotel.

Lincoln, the source of my fun, being gone, I lost interest in the little crater, with which I was very familiar, having visited it many times at all hours of the day and night. I left the crowd on the brink of the crater, where men, women and children were looking down into the wonderful hole, watching the constantly changing scenery and listening to the frightful noises emanating from the bowels of the earth. I strolled over to the big, hot crack which had frightened Lincoln nearly into imbecility and I wrapped myself snugly up in my pommel slicker, laid down on the lava to the leeward of the crack where I would be kept warm by the steam which emanated from its depths and went to sleep, but was soon aroused by a pungent burning in my back. Placing my hand underneath my body I put my fingers in a small crack, the hot steam from which was burning through my clothing to my skin. I rolled over from the crack and went to sleep again. This time I slept a long while and when I arose again I went back to the little crater in search of my companions, but found they had all gone away. Then I went to the corral where the horses had been left and they, too, were gone. Fortunately the stars were shining with a brightness which gave light by which I found my way back to the edge of the crater floor. I climbed up the nine hundred feet to the surface of the earth and reached the hotel just at the dawn of day. I was left in the crater because it was thought I had returned with Lincoln and his wife, and no one dreamed one would

risk or seek solitude in such a dismal place.

Lincoln took the first boat which left the islands, swearing he would cut Italy out of his itinerary because of its volcanoes.

Twenty - Ninth

“THE HAWAIIAN, THE MISSIONARY”

The Hawaiian is an amible, generous, hospitable fellow. He will give away anything, everything—even his children he will give to his friends. I was physician to a family of five children and not one was a legitimate heir. They had been given to the couple who was caring for them, and their own had been given to others to rear. To express admiration for a thing is to own it. It will be immediately proffered and if refused the would-be donor will be injured in feeling.

A small puppy belonging to me fell into an earthquake crack which was perhaps two feet wide in the widest places, and apparently bottomless. There were ledges on either side of the crack which obscured vision and the puppy was soon out of sight, but it could be heard continuously whining, seemingly at a great distance below, so it was certain it had londged on a ledge. A Hawaiian procured a rope about sixtey feet in length, tied it securely around the waist of a very small brother and lowered him down in the crack out of sight. When the little boy gave a signal he was drawn out, and he had the puppy in his arms. I handed the man several silver dollars, which he refused to take, and seemed injured at the proposition to pay him.

In the long, long ago there were no thefts in Hawaii. Even as late as the year nineteen hundred vendors exposed along the roadside such products as they wished to sell and the purchaser sold to himself. He made his own change and deposited the money in the place of the article he bought.

Toward night the owner, not having appeared during the entire day, would take back to his house the unsold commodities and the proceeds of the day. They were cared for at night solely to avert depredations by wild cattle, dogs or hogs, the only wild beasts to be found upon the islands. No doors were ever locked. A family might leave a house for weeks at a time and find everything in place

when it returned. The house might be occupied by passers, but everything would be left in perfect order.

Step by step since the advent of the missionary conditions have changed. There were no locks nor chains nor prisons. The dispenser of the Christian religion created necessity for all these things. At least pilfering, pistols and prisons have followed in his wake. A missionary to Guam, passing Hawaii, offered me the assurance of riches in land deals if I would join him in Guam, but his propositions were spurned.

Very few Hawaiians owned land when the islands were ceded to the United States. Drink is their stronghold; it is said they were given drink for the purpose of getting them drunk in order to lend them money on their lands which it was well known they could never return. The mortgage given, while intoxicated, was foreclosed and the property changed hands at the price of a few cents per acre, when it was really valued at from one to two hundred dollars.

Just after annexation, when the inhabitants were being converted to Republicanism, one Hawaiian orator said:

"The missionary is he who came to your country and told you to get down on your knees, shut your eyes, and pray to his God; and while you were down with your eyes shut he was stealing your land. Who is the Republican party? Who owns these islands now? The missionaries and their descendants. Will you vote for them? Now, who is the Democratic party? Mr. Cleveland is the man who put up your flag and gave you back your country after it had been stolen from you by these missionary Republicans. Mr. Cleveland is the Democratic party. He is the man to vote for."

But the Hawaiian will not be here long to vote or hold land. Tuberculosis, the specific diseases brought to the islands by Captain Cook's sailors, for which Captain Cook was afterward killed, together with miscegenation and drink, will soon eliminate the last drop of his blood. He is fast passing away.

While the Hawaiian is honest, he is a lazy laggard. And why should he be otherwise? He does not have to work to live. He needs but little clothing, and he eats, poi, raw fish and fruits. He would exchange his last shirt for a drink, but liquor does not make of him a fighting beast. When he gets drunk he sings, dances and sleeps.

The percentage of illiteracy in Hawaii is very small. Even the oldest inhabitant can read in his own language. But the Hawaiian has no ambition. Many have been sent to the United States and educated at Harvard and other such institutions, and when they returned to their old haunts they have no higher ambition than to lasso bulls.

As a plantation physician I was a Government physician. It was my duty to treat the poor, make examination of schools and send all leper suspects to Honolulu under arrest. If they were there again adjudged leprous they were sent to the Island of Molokai. It was a painful thing to separate man and wife, or to tear a child from its parents and home and banish it for life, but it had to be done in the interests of humanity. Usually there was no resistance, but occasionally a man adjudged a leper would fly to the hills and have to be hunted down like an escaped criminal. He would subsist upon wild fruits and roots and such food as might be given him clandestinely. Sometimes they would kill or be killed rather than be caught. A life in the woods was preferable simply because of ignorance of the desirable conditions at Molokai.

My first visit to Molokai, the leper island, was made with the Board of Health which had entire control of the island. The ship left Honolulu at an hour which insured its arrival at Molokai at daylight in the morning. There is no wharf at the landing, nor is there a derrick, such as is found at some of the island landings where persons and freight are hoisted in a box over a very high bluff and swung around to where they are put on the ground. The ship's landing is a rough and rugged one. The passengers are taken ashore in the ship's lifeboats, which have to be manipulated with the greatest of care as they pass between large projecting rocks which menace the lives of their occupants.

The Hawaiian is the most skillful oarsman and the best swimmer in the world. Even boys swim out to ship as they enter the harbor and dive for money thrown from the decks. If the money strikes the water within twenty feet of them they will go down like a fish and never miss it.

The first thing encountered at Molokai are two high board fences about ten feet apart which extend across the little peninsula upon which the visitors land. The visitors reach one fence and the inhabitants reach the other and they converse across the space between the fences. Gates

in the fences admit the entrance of the members of the Board of Health and their special guests to the village of Kalapapa. The village of Kalawo is situated three miles away and just across the base of the cape upon which the lepers are confined. From the security offered by the natural formation of the cape it seems a place provided by nature for the very purpose for which it is used. It is bounded on the west, where it is attached to the main body of the island, by a bluff two thousand feet high and is passable only by birds. Being a triangular cape, on the other two sides it is bounded by water. A police force prevents the landing of boats, or the sailing of boats, so it can be readily seen how next to impossible it is for one to escape. One placed there as a leper is there for life, because there is no certain cure. More recently it seems there is hope of a permanent cure, but years will be required to prove it, because leprosy is a disease that apparently cures itself sometimes and returns again after lying dormant for a time.

Lepers are on Molokai in every phase of the disease. In some it is scarcely noticeable, while others are so hideously deformed they are scarcely recognizable as human beings. Of the twelve hundred there on that day there was not one who expressed discontent; but few were in pain, and no one anticipated an early death. The disease does not often kill. It is a pity it does not, because they usually just rot along and die of something else.

There are but two small villages on the leper cape. The largest is called Kalapapa and the other Kalawao. Kalapapa is built upon more stony ground than Kalawao, hence has not the pretty shrubbery that the latter has, but it has its attractions and is an institution of which to be proud. The use of liquor is forbidden, but the strong propensity of the Hawaiians to drink is equal in the sick and the well, so the leper will withhold rice, potatoes, etc., from his food allowance and distill clandestinely, by crude methods of his own, an alcoholic drink which promptly intoxicates.

There is a brass band at each of the leper villages which furnishes real good music, under the circumstances. Of course, not one of the musicians is physically perfect. The right hand of one of the bass drummers had sloughed away and the drumstick was lashed to the remaining part of the arm. Some hold brass horns with one hand maimed and

work the keys with the other no less diseased. The Hawaiian is a natural musician and his music is usually very pretty, but the words of his songs are often foul.

Many of the relatives of the lepers are allowed to visit them on each of the monthly visits of the Board of Health. When the ship is ready to sail it is a difficult matter to force them away from the separation fences. The scene is heart-rending. Both the sick and the well weep, moan and gnash teeth in evidence of their grief. The expression of feeling could not be more vehement were they actually facing the end of the world. The wail of the Hawaiian is a thing peculiar to them. Like the scream of an epileptic, once heard it will never be forgotten. Yet, strange to say, as soon as the ship is under way the moaners grow hilarious. They sing and dance and seem as happy as mortals can be. Memory seems short. Like the cow that bellows at the sight of fresh blood and forgets it as soon as the scene is changed, they soon forget their grief.

The only precaution against contagion taken by the visiting doctors is to wear gloves which are thrown into the sea the moment they return to the ship. This is because of the persistent handshaking of the Hawaiian, who takes offense if he is not met half way in his expressions of friendship.

Thirtieth

"THE PATHFINDER"

The United States Geodetic Survey boat the "Pathfinder" was lying in the harbor of Hilo, Hawaii. The officers and men, as far as could be spared from the boat at one time, were visiting the Volcano House at the crater of Kilauea. A number of the citizens of Hilo were there also, and I was among the number.

Mr. Perry, the secretary of the Pathfinder, was one of the guests. He was boasting of being a hero of several wars and feared nothing, and was, as usual, deeply and chronically "in his cups." He was mixing drinks, regardless of color or quality.

I made his acquaintance and introduced him to some of my friends as a minister, having first asked those friends to insist upon his holding services in the parlor of the hotel on the following morning, which would be Sunday. Perry declined the invitation, but was so drunk he neg-

lected to deny that he was a minister, so it was whispered about that he was really one of the cloth but had fallen from grace.

I plead with the man to comply with the often repeated request and after a time an idea seemed to penetrate his whisky-soaked brain. He said he would preach if he could secure some one to open and close the services. I readily agreed to do that, and it was arranged we would meet at 9 o'clock of the following morning, Sunday, and walk down in the timber to formulate a definite plan of action.

Perry claimed thorough competence to deliver a sermon; one that would entertain the people in a truly spiritual way; one that would be long remembered by all who were fortunate enough to hear it. All of this, of course, I did not doubt, for Perry was then full of spirits and doubtless would be when the time came to preach, a thing I had no intention of allowing him to do.

When the morning came Perry and I met as agreed and we walked down into the woods to arrange our plans. We followed a trail which I knew led to an open space which was kept free from vegetation by a large sulphur blowhole in the center of it.

Along this trail I excited the would-be preacher by reciting blood-curdling tales of dastardly acts committed by Porto Ricans and other renegades who were at large in the country. I told of the danger of getting far from the hotel, as many had been robbed quite near the house. In fact, they were so bold persons had been killed and robbed in the public streets in the daytime.

When we entered the open space mentioned above, Perry's fear was fully aroused. I stopped suddenly and spoke, which was a signal to my friends in the brush to fire: "Listen, there's a movement in the brush," said I.

Immediately a bombardment began. Bullets sang over our heads like a swarm of bees. At the first shot I fell, and Perry disappeared.

"Come back! Come back! I am killed!" I cried.

But Perry did not come back. Nor did he hesitate for a moment. He disappeared as quickly as the shadow of a flying bird could cross a telephone wire. He ran until he fell full length upon the floor in the hotel office, and he panted like a broken-winded horse. His eyes spread to full capacity, and in mortal terror he related what had happened.

"I distinctly saw four Porto Ricans. Each of them shot at me six times. Dr. Hunter is dead. They killed him instantly. Bullets came so near me they almost cut my ears off."

At that moment I (the dead doctor) and the four Porto Ricans appeared upon the scene. We walked in as demure as though nothing had happened, and I took a stand in the midst of the crowd just opposite to Perry.

Each individual was listening to Perry's tale of woe with bated breath and bounding heart. When Perry's eyes caught mine he was struck dumb. I did not speak. It was not necessary. I simply looked at Perry and laughed, and the crowd laughed with me.

Instead of preaching, Perry and the entire crew of the Pathfinder took the 11 o'clock stage for Hilo mid the hearty jeers of the hotel guests.

When they reached the ship they raised anchor and sailed away.

Th i r t y - F i r s t

"HUNTING IN TREES"

Off an island in the Pacific Ocean, I and five other persons, one a negro, were hunting deer by sitting in trees at night. Each man was numbered and we were stationed in a row. Number one took the first tree, number two the second and so on to the end. It was well understood that the last man, number six, would whoop when it was time to return to camp. Number five would then whoop, then number four, then number three, then number two and number one. After the whooping no gun was to be fired under any circumstances and the men would all come down from the trees and meet at tree number one.

I was given tree number one and the negro was given tree number two.

At about 9 o'clock p. m. the moon went down, but the stars shone with sufficient brightness for the outline of large objects to be seen if very near.

I heard something walking beneath my tree and I aimed my gun in the direction of the noise, intending to shoot as soon as the object came into view. To my great astonishment I saw the object climbing up my tree. Very naturally I thought it was the negro, who had disobeyed orders through fright and was coming to me for company. So

I began to abuse him.

"Where are you going, nigger? What do you mean by leaving your tree?"

There was no response, and I continued:

"Say, you black devil, what are you coming up this tree for?"

Still there was no response. By this time he had climbed the body of the tree and was on the limb upon which I was sitting. He was between me and the trunk of the tree. He moved a little closer and I remonstrated again.

"Get back there, nigger. Don't come out on this limb." I turned my gun toward the nigger and threatened to punch him off the limb. The gun was slapped out of my hands and it fell to the ground. It was not until that moment that I learned I was talking to a big black bear. The instant I recognized my visitor I sprang toward the end of the limb and by means of the small branches I reached the ground. I seized my gun and the bear came down faster than he had gone up. It was his last climb.

Thirty - Second

"A FISHING PARTY"

A small party consisting of ladies and gentlemen of the Rio Grande Valley was organized for an outing. The party selected one of the various lakes in the county as an objective point, having an eye to venison as well as to quail and ducks upon which to feast.

Early in the afternoon the party reached the lake and the men were divided into a ducker, a quailer, a fisher, a deer hunter and camp keepers. Each man selected his best girl for a companion and they started on their death-dealing mission. Before leaving the camp they formed a jackpot which would go to the first man returning to camp having reached the limit of the game law.

In just two hours the quail hunter returned with thirty quail and claimed the jackpot. In ample time the fisher brought a string of fish which would have made the mouth of a wooden man run water like a mountain spring in the wet season of the year.

At sundown two blasts of a horn, which is the hunter's call, were heard. Help was needed, for a six-prong buck, so fat it resembled a stall-fed steer, had been killed.

When it was light enough to see the trails I, the duck hunter, came to camp. I wore a disappointed, weebegone countenance. I had killed but two small ducks and my lady had eight to her credit. The only explanation of the situation was that when the ducks saw the angelic creature who was waiting for them, they became enamoured and, like men, fell at her feet.

The camp keepers had cleared a large square of ground near the water, separated from the water by a thicket of tall, thorny blackberry bushes.

After a late supper of assorted meats and all the good things that go on such an occasion, everybody retired. Before I retired I had requested my lady friend to inform the other ladies that I would play a joke in the night, and they must not be frightened at anything they heard. I went to bed, but I did not sleep. I remained awake until everyone else was asleep. Then I crept silently from the tent and straddled the tongue of a wagon, which I had taken to the side of the men's tent in the afternoon and tethered four horses to the wheels. I shook the tongue vigorously, which rattled the chains loudly, and I tramped the ground and yell at the top of my voice, "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" and I fell over against the tent, which shook it from center to circumference. In less than a half minute each man was out of the tent and was running as though wild Indians were after him. One man took up in the briar patch, which saved him from a bath with his clothes on, and another went squarely up against the trunk of a tree and laid upon the ground in an unconscious state for quite awhile before he could speak.

Hearty laughter by the ladies brought the brave boys back from their hiding places in the swamp. There was no more sleeping that night and the crowd swore vengeance against me.

Thirty-Third

"A STORM AT SEA. ON THE YAQUI RIVER"

Accepting a position as mine physician in Mexico, I left Hawaii, going by way of Victoria, British Columbia.

The first three days at sea were pleasant enough, but on the fifth day the wind began to blow. It increased in velocity until by the next morning the ship was running in a full gale. Every passenger remained in bed. There were

no such things as walking around or eating. The storm increased in violence and the waves rolled higher and higher as the hours passed by. About half of the time the propeller was out of the water, and it fanned the air as the ship quivered upon the crest of waves, which seemed high enough to reach the very dome of heaven. The ship's sails were all furled. Her hatches, windows and doors were all closed. The engine was slowed down to a point which barely enabled the pilot to steer her. Nothing could be kept in place, unless fastened. Crockery flitted about like frightened birds in a cage. Valises, shoes, parcels of every kind and clothes slipped and slid about in the staterooms from side to side as the ship climbed upon the mighty billows or glided down into the depths of turbulent watery vales.

The night was as dark as death. There was no sign of light save when a vivid electric flash brought to view a sea of racing liquid mountains. Each wave had a thousand peaks; each peak was capped with a frothy hood, and all seemed frenzied. They seemed madly running in every direction, and they rudely climbed upon each other and burst with a deafening roar. The ship climbed tremblingly up the sides of lofty waves and slid with lightning speed to the bottom of the troughs below. She cut her way through the boiling sea and was at times lost to view. Sometimes her loftiest masthead was below the foaming peaks. The rigging sang uncertain songs and the masts careened and creaked, while the ship's deck was washed by maddened waves. Mighty billows beat against her sides with loud report and drove terror to the hearts of those within. Every timber of the ship cracked and creaked and told of the awful war of wind and wave that waged without. Strong men were torn from their hold and hurled against the bulwark like flies before an electric fan. Billows rolled over the ship from stem to stern. They washed over the pilot house and bridge, submerged the officers on watch and rolled by the cabin doors with an appalling crash. Water found its way into the saloon and staterooms, and the sinking of the ship seemed but a moment postponed. But it was not to be so.

At the end of the third day the storm abated, but long after that hour the waves rolled to a sickening height and forced many to remain in bed. But the gale was over, and every heart was gladdened when the ship ran into the

placid water of Juan de Fuca Sound, where the city of Victoria was in sight.

From Victoria I took a boat to Seattle and a train to Texas. Upon reaching El Paso I met Dr. Johnston and a few moments conversation revealed the fact that we had graduated at the same medical school. The result was the acceptance of an invitation to accompany Dr. Johnston to his mine on the Yaqui River in Sonora, Mexico.

On the following day we left for Nogales. There we purchased knives, firearms and ammunition suited to a journey through one of the most dangerous sections of country in the world at that time. It was infested with murderous Yaqui Indians who were killing Mexicans and foreigners alike.

At Hermosillo it was necessary to abandon the trains and take to the trails. We were warned against the undertaking and urged not to go except under military escort which would be furnished by the Government free of charge, but we declined the company of tin soldiers and went to the mine alone. We went from village to village in the day, going across country in which murder was of almost daily occurrence.

The farms had all been deserted by their Mexican owners who had not been murdered by the Yaquis. The Mexicans held the towns and the Indians the country, but the Indians had the advantage, in a way. Some of them were yet friendly and lived in the towns. Their brothers of the warpath would visit them undetected and keep posted on all movements. They would learn of expeditions and plan to rob them. They always knew just when and where to strike and were always successful.

The Yaquis, it was said, were living peacefully in the Valley of the river of the same name. The soil is as fertile as that of the Nile, and they were industrious farmers, far more so than the Mexicans, and they really produced the breadstuff of the country. Those fertile lands had attractions for the white man, and it is said the Mexican Government, seeing millions in them, forcibly exchanged inferior lands for the valley land and sold the rich valley land to the white man. The red man thought himself outraged. He put on war paint, took up his rifle and went to the woods. He preferred the rifle to the pick or the plow on any other than the fertile lands of his father.

On the second day of our memorable venture we passed

a farm where a whole family, consisting of nine, had just been murdered. The bodies were still warm, but the murderers had gone. The only trace of them was their sandal tracks, which showed the direction they had gone. It was believed they had taken with them a Mexican girl who had worked for the dead family, as her body was not with the rest.

Some few weeks previous to the multi-murder Sr. Sanches, the head of the dead family, had poisoned with strychnine a lot of mescal, a Mexican drink, and placed it carefully away in a locked trunk. At the same time he had in his dining room a quantity of the same stimulant which was in a pure state. A few days later the Sanches family was visiting in a neighboring town and the Yaquis robbed his home. They were suspicious and would not drink of the mescal in the dining room, but partook freely of that found in the locked trunk. Sixteen of them died in the yard.

Santiago Sanches well knew this act meant death to him if he remained in the country, and he was leaving when he was killed along with his entire family.

A few hours after the murder Johnston and I reached the town of "Take-Ripa," and the presidente of the municipality ordered in immediate pursuit a few rurales who were stationed there, himself leading the expedition, accompanied by Johnston and me.

Before night we were in gunshot of the foe. The Indians were overtaken while ascending the side of a deep ravine, which gave the pursuing party a great advantage. It goes without saying the Indians knew they were being pursued and it was evident they had miscalculated the speed of the rurales. They had no doubt expected to cross the ravine and attack the rurales while down in it. But the conditions were somewhat reversed. They were ascending the steep side when seen. Every rurale's gun sang out a note of death as it sent a bullet in search of a Yaqui's heart. The Yaquis returned the fire and were instantly lost to view. They were gone, effectually gone, but no one knew where. Their disappearance was magical. Two Yaquis were killed, and one whose leg was broken by a bullet was caught and hung. All manner of brutal punishment was inflicted upon him to force a divulgence of information concerning the rest of his band, but he died true to his comrades, as mute as a mole.

While torturing the captured Yaqui a voice was heard in the rocks. It proved to be the girl who lived with the Sanches family. She had taken advantage of the situation and was falling into the hands of her kind. She gave evidence of much brutal treatment, and Johnston and I relieved her suffering of which she bitterly complained.

The true hand of President Diaz was never shown in the Yaqui war. His method was extermination of all that did not do his will. As proof of this, see the tragic disappearance of the inhabitants of the town of Temosechic. It is said a resident of the town claimed to be Christ and his following was so augmented he interfered with the doings of the Catholic priests. A squad of soldiers was sent to suppress the Christ, but they did not do it. They were soundly drubbed and their arms taken away. So enraged was Diaz that he sent a whole regiment to the town with instructions to kill every man, woman and child in the place who could speak. The orders were executed and more than an hundred babes were cared for by the mothers of other children.

Instead of that kind of treatment, all captured Yaquis were sent to Yucatan and disposed of. Sold into slavery, did you ask? Well, it was much the same.

During the stay in the Yaqui country I had occasion to return to Hermosillo and I went along with a ten-mule stage, which was occupied by four Americans who had taken advantage of the protecting arm of the Government, being escorted by sixteen soldiers. I should say convicts, because the regular army was composed of long-term convicts. They had no incentive to fight, and never did when it could be avoided. And why should they risk their lives for a pot of beans and a few tortillas? That is all they got. The sixteen were of the usual type. They wore the regulation dirty linen suit and sandals, and resembled things that fall from comic almanacs or such as the cats bring in. They were mounted upon hungry horses of the rosenante type and eight of them rode in front and eight behind the stage. They traveled at a tantalizingly slow gait and no power could induce them to quicken their pace, except a Yaqui Indian.

The first night had to be spent in an abandoned ranch hut on account of rain. Had the Yaquis attacked us the Americans would have had to protect the soldiers, for they took possession of the little hut and carpeted the hut with

their bodies, leaving the Americans to occupy the porch, which, fortunately, was under roof. The floor of the room was lower than that of the porch and by midnight the rain water ran in and covered the floor, wetting every soldier and forcing him out upon the porch, where they spent the rest of the night trying to dry themselves while the Americans remained upon dry pallets and laughed.

On the next day an American named Brittan joined the party at a small town and rode with me. I was on horseback and constantly far in advance of the stage. Brittan became uneasy and complained:

"Let's wait for the stage," said he. "These woods are full of Indians and we are liable to be shot at any time. This is a dangerous place. You know how we have been warned against it. This is a famous Indian trail and we are both liable to be killed without warning. Let's go back to the stage."

"You are right, my friend, and such is the case in many parts of this country, but I will go along just the same. I usually go alone and I never start anywhere without thinking it may be my last time."

"It is tempting Providence to proceed in this heedless way after the warnings we have had," said Brittan. "Let's go back to the stage."

"You see, Mr. Brittan, I am out for sport, and if I ride near that old squeaky stage I will never get a shot at a wolf or a deer. If you wish to do so you may return to the stage and I will take no offense, or you may ride some distance behind me and if I am shot, you will perhaps be able to make your escape. I am going to remain in front no matter what happens."

Brittan thought me a little foolhardy, so he went back to the stage, took a position between it and the rear guard and there he remained.

Shortly after Brittan left me it began to rain, and every track in the road was obliterated. In a few moments it ceased raining and I noticed fresh footprints in the road. They were sandal tracks, hence were those of Yaquis, as no one wore sandals in that section of country except Yaquis. I reached a fork in the road, being on one prong of it. I noticed that the Yaqui tracks turned down the other prong of the fork, and were perfectly fresh. I believed the Indians had heard or had seen me coming and had gone into the brush to hide. I stopped my horse in

the middle of the road and waited for the stage. I did not draw my rifle from the scabbard, fearing the Indians would construe it as a bellicose act and fire upon me. Besides, from the freshness of the tracks I knew intuitively, as I often did, that the Indians were quite near me.

When the stage arrived two of the soldiers dismounted and followed the tracks along with me. It was seen that the Indians had entered the brush between the two roads. At that moment the cry of wolves was heard in the brush. They could not have been a hundred feet away, but the underbrush was so dense they could not be seen. The cry was so evidently not that of wolves that I exclaimed:

"Those are not wolves. What are they?"

"They are Yaquis! They are Yaquis! Let us go! Let us go!" said Mr. Soldier, and suiting the action to the admonition, he mounted as quickly as possible and was soon out of sight, he and his whole gang.

It was evident the Yaquis knew how to get rid of the soldiers. Their imperfect imitation of wolves was imperfect for the express purpose of being understood.

What a beautiful target I was, if the Yaquis had wished to use me as such. I had sat upon my horse in the middle of the road for ten minutes without even a bush to screen me. It seemed they were killing everybody else they could. Why did they not kill me? Just because there is an allotted time for each man to die, and mine had not come.

Thir ty - F our th

"INTIMACY WITH A RAM"

While residing in the town of Ameca, in Mexico, it became necessary for me to purchase a horse, and I frequently went in quest of one.

On one occasion I was led by a Mexican through his house, a back yard and two dirty, darkly enclosed corrals. Then I was taken through another corral where animals were fed, sometimes. A small horse was led from a dark stall into the corridor where the feed trough was. It was a pathetic bag of bones, just such as are killed in bullrings because of their utter worthlessness. It resembled a horse-hide hung on a picket fence. It held up its skinny head, looked anxiously at me and whinnied. The tone was expressive of extreme hunger and I was a little afraid, but no man need fear being eaten for something green when there is a peon around.

Very naturally the creature was rejected at the first glance, but to avoid possible offense I proceeded to examine the beast. It was very small and to examine its upper teeth I had to stoop very low. Just as I bent myself down I experienced a terrible blow upon the seat of my pants. It came with sufficient force to drive me hard up against the feed trough, and a million stars danced before my eyes.

I had a contempt for one who would attempt to brain me through my pants, but the situation was urgent. I had to act, and act quickly. I had either to try to run, call for help or try to bluff. The moment was harrowing. I believed I had been led into that dark corner to be robbed or killed.

Being unarmed and weak from a recent illness, I was helpless. The only strong thing about me was my voice, so I hurled a few Sunday anathemas in the air and turned upon my adversary. I fully expected to be shot or stabbed as I turned, so I whirled around with all the force and vigor I could summon and I met with a great surprise. I confronted an immense white ram poised upon his hind legs for another blow.

St. Paul said: "I have learned in whatsoever lot I find myself therewith to be content," but he did not mean a horse lot, nor a sheep lot. I was always Paul-like, so I did not even resent the laughter of the villain who was enjoying the discomfort he could so easily have prevented.

Thirty-Fifth

"MEXICAN PRIESTS"

The town of Ameca, Mexico, in which I resided a long time, is not unlike other Mexican towns. The Catholic Church reminds one of an elephant in a herd of goats. It looms up like a mountain among molehills. It can be seen long before any other house comes into view, and it keeps the people mindful of duty by the most unearthly—in other words, hellish—clanging of bells of many tones at all hours of the day and of the night.

Many a stranger on his first visit to Mexico is startled by the bells in the day and springs from bed at night, thinking the whole town is on fire. The use of explosive rockets is said to be reserved to the church, and the almost daily pyrotechnic display enforces remembrance upon the simple-minded who are in duty bound to heed their call.

It is this constant ringing of bells and bursting of rockets that remind the people of crawling into the churches upon their knees, and of daubing holy water in their faces in the form of a cross.

Mexican Catholics do not respect the Sabbath. It is the great "Fiesta" day, the day of great public gatherings and of elections. It is the day upon which the rurals comes to town. They find the stores and the barrooms all wide open and the gambling hells in full blast. It is the day of all others for bull fighting, chicken fighting and of general amusement and iniquity. The grinding of these mills of the devil is sanctioned by the church and those highest in authority, all of whom are interested in the proceeds.

The "Fiesta" days are those upon which most of the religious horse-play exhibitions are given. On the great Sunday, "Fiesta of the Crucifixion," I visited the cathedral. It is a large and elegant building which cost many thousands of dollars in gold. It was brilliantly illuminated and glistened everywhere with the gorgeous gilding which embossed the interior. A little to one side of the altar an orchestra dispelled music which was soft, doleful and impressive. The cathedral was filled with men, women and children of all ages. The men and women were there because they were there in childhood, and the children will be there when they are men and women for the same reason. Many of them appeared moderately intelligent, but most of them wore the stamp of ignorance and simplicity.

No one was seated in the church, because as a rule there are no seats in the churches in that country. Some were erect and some were upon their knees, and all pushed forward, gently and without jostle, to reach the altar.

I elbowed my way to the front and I saw, prone upon the floor in a bed of straw, a full-sized image of Christ. It, at least, seemed a misfit. Imagine a full-grown Christ in a bed of straw in a manger.

No one reached the image except on their knees, and each kissed the feet and retired in peace. It seemed the highest type of idolatrous mockery.

Mexicans say they believe these images make and place themselves in the churches and that they are capable of manifesting approval or disapproval by movements of an arm or head. They also believe if an effort was made to remove one of them from a church, without the consent

of the priest, it would immediately assume such weight a thousand men could not move it.

A story is told in Mexico, and believed by many, that some irreverent wretch attempted to take one into the street and immediately as he reached out his hands to take hold of the image he became paralyzed. It was only the goodness of the priest which averted sudden death. It is difficult to believe that such stupidity, superstition, idolatry and treachery can exist, to such an alarming extent, in a country so near the door of civilization.

After I had witnessed the kissing of the image and the dipping of fingers, often for years unwashed, into the holy water, I concluded the church was largely to blame for the sad physical as well as mental condition of the people. Not less than 80 per cent of my clientele in Mexico was traceable to "blood taint," and it was more than probable the kissing of images in the same spot by thousands with tainted mouths, and the promiscuous dipping of tainted fingers into the same water, were fruitful sources of contamination.

The church bleeds its people in many ways. There is seldom a day upon which mass is not held, nor a day when collection is not taken up. On every hand, everywhere, even on the country highways, one encounters fixtures for receiving contributions to the church.

One of the most unbelievable, yet unquestionable, methods is the manner in which the church keeps tab on the people, more especially upon those who may have become disgruntled and refused to pay their quota. For example: Every year every man is charged on the church books with the amount he should pay, which amount is figured from his estimated income. Year after year the charging goes on until the man becomes very ill or dies. In the first instance he is frightened by the priests, through the women of the family, until he yields, agrees to pay up all back dues in order to get forgiveness of his sins and avoid everlasting torment in case he should die. If he refuses and dies, then the priests "prey" upon the women. The widow, rather than allow her husband to burn in hell forever, is led, by the admonitions and pleadings of the priest, to pay up all back dues. Often when the bill is paid the widow and orphan children of men of means are left without home or food. So, living or dead, the money comes just the same,

or the man swelters in hell for all time to come. They will not forgive the sins without the money.

It is said that the priests never require the pay for holy unction, but I know to the contrary. I was called to a man whom I found dying of pneumonia. I told the family I could do nothing and that it was time to send for the priest, if they wanted him. They sent, but the priest did not come, and they told me the priest refused to see the man unless two dollars were paid in advance. These padres, these apostolic successors, refuse to forgive the sins of a man unless the price is paid.

I was requested by an American friend who was going to marry a Mexican girl, to ask the priest the price of the ceremony. The priest said it was seventy-five dollars. The friend requested me to say to the priest that he positively refused to pay the price, but that he would pay fifty dollars. The priest agreed to the proposition, but said the couple would not be allowed to walk from the door of the church to the altar on a carpet. The carpet was removed from the aisle and he kept his word. This is, in part, the explanation of the fact that the majority of the people of the West Coast States of Mexico are really living in adultery. They cannot pay the price. As evidence of the truth of this statement I here give an excerpt from "Mephistopheles," a morning paper published in Culiacan, the capital of the State of Sinaloa: "Born, 91; male, 53; female, 38. Legitimate, 17; illegitimate, 74."

In every town and hamlet there exists what is known as the "Semanrio." It is a weekly donation of corn and beans to the priest by the poor of the ranches. These poor devils are required to bring to the priest a small quantity of the products mentioned every week. These products are collected, sacked and sold, instead of being divided among those who hunger right under the eyes of those who profit by their sale, and who claim to be imbued with the spirit of Christ and the power of God.

The church bleeds its poor even through the resting place of the dead. They bury in cemeteries, and the cemeteries belong to the church. A burial lot, just space enough to inter a corpse, is leased to a family and an annual rent must be paid. When from poverty, or otherwise, there is a failure to pay, the same ground is leased to another and the fresh corpse is placed in the same ground, the other bones being dug up and thrown aside. As often as there

is failure to pay the lot is released, and this accounts for the great heap of bleaching bones and gaping skulls found in the corners of Catholic cemeteries in Mexico.



Corner in Catholic Cemetery in Mexico

When a bishop appears upon the streets, always in a carriage, every person in sight falls to the knees and remains down until the man-God passes out of sight. By this act everyone believes he or she receives a special benediction from the high and mighty man whether he sees them or not. It is a disgusting scene, smacking of mockery, blasphemy and ignorance, especially to one who possessed the knowledge of the priesthood that I did.

Far be it from me to traduce the dead, but truth demands the assertion that it was only because Father Damian, who died at the leper settlement on the Island of Molokai, was a priest that he was made a martyr of to the world. It is not often that a husband contracts leprosy from a wife, but it is a well-known fact that his pretty Hawaiian housegirl, whom it was also well known he did not despise, was a subject of leprosy. Other persons have given their lives to the same cause and have never been heard of by the world. Of course, goodness of heart often prompts these martyrs, but the assurance of a life free

from the usual anxieties of existence has its influence. That priest had everything he desired. He had comfortable home necessities, plenty to wear, and he lived on the fat of the land. The scope of his work was limited, but he lived like a little King. Who would not rather be a King among dogs than a dog among Kings?

In the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, a priest was imprisoned by a naturalized Frenchman who had become a "Jefe Politico" for shooting at a man for attempting to enter the room of his mistress. The official was dismissed from office by the Governor of the State.

In the State of Durango, Mexico, a priest has three children. At least the mother says they are his, and she ought to know. No one denies it.

Another priest in the same State, whom I knew well, lived with a woman; that is, he ate at the same table and slept in the same room with her. Such things, at least, excite suspicion.

A priest is said to have caused the fall of ten young girls in San Sebastian, a town in the State of Jalisco. Not wishing to accept rumor as fact, I inquired of many of the leading citizens, including the "Alcalde," and they all replied in the affirmative.

"Yes," said the Alcalde, "I personally know some of the girls whom he ruined." Strange to say, that Alcalde allowed his wife and daughter to go several times a week and sit under the sound of that man's voice. I knew this priest also, and I attended one of the girls whom he seduced at the coming of an heir of the unholy deceiver.

Perhaps the reader will say these are but isolated instances. One swallow does not make a summer, etc., etc. If these were all, the reader would be right; but of a truth, these are but a few of the many instances which are generally known and winked at by the public. You see, a priest cannot err in the eyes of his benighted following, yet many of them are debauched libertines under the cover of religion.

That the average priest in Mexico is insincere is believed by many of the more enlightened classes. His influence is largely attributable to the ignorance of his following. This is one of the reasons why they oppose immigration. They realize that every educated foreigner, not a Catholic, who settles in the country is a nail in the coffin

of Roman Catholicism, and they dislike to hear the hammer fall.

The masses in Mexico cannot read or write. There are no newspapers published outside of the capital of each State; not even in towns of ten to twenty thousand inhabitants. Those who can read are forbidden to read the Bible. A Bible in the home of a Mexican is as rare as a hairy bird. I traveled over seven States on horseback and I never saw a Bible, Catholic or otherwise, except the one I had in my grip. Catholics, the ignorant of Mexico, are not allowed to think for themselves. The priests carry the whole load.

Catholic priests are human beings endowed with the passions of other men, and man is a natural polygamist. So, when a natural man, a natural polygamist, claims to ignore the opposite sex as the priests do, they may deceive some old maids who do not appeal to them, but not men. Is it not better to be a benedict than a pervert?

Thirty-Sixth

"A MOZO. A CASE IN COURT."

Traveling anywhere in Mexico, away from the railroads, one must take bedding or do without. Traveling with a bed necessitates a pack mule and a pack mule necessitates a mozo.

A mozo (a male Mexican servant) is a thing constructed after the fashion of man, but is as far removed from him as is possible for a thing of his shape to be. The average one is worthless when sober, but when drunk, which is every time he can get enough to drink, he is not worthy to be classed with cattle. He is a combination of knave and knife, of big hat and little brain. He is fond of doing nothing, and he does a lot of it. His country has eighty-three holidays a year upon which he will not work, and he shirks on every other day possible. He wears a white shirt, a pair of loose white drawers for pants, a big hat and sandals, but never a coat.

A single blanket takes the place of a coat and a bed, regardless of season, and he is never without one. In his blanket he conceals his knife and pilfered things. Cold or hot, wet or dry, he coils up under his blanket upon the ground anywhere and sleeps the guileful sleep of a wolf. His sole end and aim of life seems to be to get something

for nothing, and he usually gets things that way. He hates a foreigner whom he fails to skin, and he has a contempt for one he can skin. He never tells the truth except by accident, and he is absolutely unreliable in every way, except when there is hope of gain. Good or bad, he demands the same daily compensation. If he furnishes himself with food a few beans and tortillas will suffice, but if you supply him food disappears like corn in a mill hopper, and he fattens like a goo tacked to the floor.

Foreigners say the Mexican is just a grown-up child and should be treated as such. He is, indeed, childlike and bland, but in chicanery he is a past master. He feigns ignorance to deceive you. He is more shrewd than a combination of fox and wolf. He recognizes the importance of doing the other fellows and he attends strictly to that phase of business. He never has a thought of a mutually beneficial transaction, hence he never commits an act unless he is convinced he is doing the other fellows. He is most polite to his bitterest enemy.

The fact that there is no Jews in Mexico speaks louder than words. A Jew would starve to death at the elbow of a Mexican. He can beat the Jew at his own game.

In the courts there is no jury trial outside of the large cities, and there is no oath administered to the witnesses. Evidence is taken by some petty official anywhere the witness happens to be. My evidence has been taken in my own house and I witnessed the taking of evidence in the street a day or two before the prisoner was tried.

Witnesses are asked to tell what they know about the case, and they know enough to tell just what they think the trial judge would want them to say. Leading and suggestive questioning soon show him where to head in. A prisoner does not always know what charge has been brought against him until the trial is over, much less does he know what the witnesses have said.

When a man has a grievance he has the other fellow arrested. Guilty or not guilty, the prisoner goes to jail without investigation, and is given opportunity to prove his innocence afterward.

It is a difficult thing to convict anyone of anything in Mexico, for there must be two uncontroverted witnesses to every act. It is not obligatory on the part of the prosecution to prove guilt. One must prove innocence or suffer.

No woman can be used in the court trial. She is not

admitted as a witness for or against anyone. Her word has not the value of a broken reed in her own country; nor can any employe of the accused, nor any relative by blood or marriage, nor any particular friend, testify in behalf of the accused in any manner of a court trial. This is the written law of the country, but no official observes the law if it suits his purpose to do otherwise.

I once made a test as to whether I could collect my bills by law or not by suing a man for thirty dollars. I won the case; at least that was the generally expressed opinion of all present, but the judge refused to decide it, stating he would send the case to a higher court for decision because both parties to the suit were friends of his. I insisted upon a decision, in accordance with the law and the evidence, but the judge said: "I will not decide it; that man belongs to my church." The judge was the organist in the Catholic Church at Ayutla, State of Jalisco, Mexico. The case was sent up and was never heard of again.

A man was arrested for that grave charge for which men are lynched in some countries. He was kept in jail five days while his "trial" was going on. He named the girls father as his witness. He did not know who else was giving testimony in the case, nor did he know what any witness had said. Later the judge told me the man had been liberated because there was no evidence against him and his innocence had been established. Then came an astounding declaration: "We fined him five dollars and let him go," said the judge.

"What?" said I, "no evidence against him after a week in jail and you fined him five dollars and let him go! How on earth could you do such a thing?"

"Well, you see, doctor," said Judge Tubercio Bacero of Lluvia de Oro mine in the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, "it cost us something to arrest him and the other fellow had no money."

If a man kidnaps and rapes a woman he will say he had her consent, and that ends it, as her word will not be considered in a court. If she is under fourteen years of age, the age of consent, the man will deny it, and as there must be two witnesses to every act in order to have a conviction, he goes free. These assertions are not guesswork—I have seen them exemplified.

“AN HAWAIIAN RAIN GOD”

On the Island of Hawaii there is a sugar plantation on which there is a famous gulch which is usually dry. In the center of this gulch, about three miles up from the main road which encircles the island, there is a large rock about four feet high which the Hawaiians call “The Kain God.” It is a peculiarly formed stone and requires no vivid imagination to see its resemblance to a large man stooping down with a blanket drawn over him.

This particular gulch is situated between the wet and the dry sections of the island and sometimes rain is needed there. When such is the case the Hawaiians go to the god, worship it and pray for rain. There is never any great length of time between rains, so the native believes he brings it by his prayers.

Many persons visit the god regularly and deposit money upon it, which is taken away, of course, by the unbelievers. Sometimes it is richly decorated with beautiful wreaths, and it is never without flowers of some kind upon it.

On one occasion I and Mr. Searls who lived on a plantation about half way between the god and the sea, went up the gulch to examine the god. We found a number of Hawaiians there upon their knees praying to the god for rain. They had made beautiful floral offerings and the god was enveloped in flowers of all colors of the rainbow.

To disabuse their minds of the faith they had in the rain god we demolished the flowers, tore up the wreaths and threw them on the ground. Then we chastised the stone with our riding whips and invited it to revenge.

The Hawaiians immediately began to pray for us. They begged the god to do us no harm because we knew not the gravity of our offense. The main spokesman of the Hawaiians assured Searls and me that we were in great danger, and said he would not be surprised if heavy rain fell upon us before we could reach the Searls home.

Then followed a most singular occurrence. Heavy black clouds gathered above the god, and by the time we reached home and stabled our horses the rain came down in fearful torrents. The whole world seemed darkened and the heavens seemed to pour out an accumulation of years. A breast of water came down the gulch several feet high and carried nearly everything in its path. It washed away

fences and brought down stones of various sizes from a pebble to hundreds of pounds. The flower garden and the fruit trees were destroyed, the yard was left dry and covered with rocks, and resembled a rough and rugged mountainside. It was a mystery the house was not tumbled to earth.

It was afterward still more impossible to shake the Hawaiian's faith in his Rain God.

Thirty-Eighth

"MEDICINE IN THE MEXICAN SIERRAS"

While practicing medicine in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico I was called to a patient who lived at a small town called Urique. Urique was just two days away. Distances are estimated by the time it requires one to reach any certain point in a walk. For instance, the town of Parral was four hours away, and Chico Ranch was only two hours away.

I left the mine at which I was employed, after an early breakfast, accompanied by a mozo and a pack mule which took food, bedding and other things necessary for the trip. Every point of the compass was made and I traveled along the zigzag trail which wound in and out of coves, up and down mountainsides, over rocks, under rocks and across stony gulches. I had but the two animals. Most mozos travel on foot and will trot along behind you all day, apparently without fatigue.

Late in the afternoon of the first day I dismounted to tighten my saddle girth, and the pack mule strolled to one side to eat grass. The mozo, in attempting to get her back upon the trail, started her off toward the mine. He tried to catch her, but she was not to be caught by such an empty-headed animal as the idiot who trotted directly behind her. It never occurred to him if he would stop the animal would stop also. It was easy to cut across some bend of the crooked trail and get in front of her, but he simply trotted leisurely behind her and was soon out of sight.

It had been cloudy all of the afternoon and it began to rain. It was the wet season of the year when it rains every day, and at such time the trails are very dangerous. The gulches fill quickly with water and it flows down in perfect torrents. At such times neither man nor beast

can cross them. However, one has to wait but a short time, for in a few minutes the water is gone. It pours down stream as from a houstop, and each gulch successively empties into a larger gulch below, until on reaching the river the water is emptied into the sea.

On account of the rainstorm the night seemed to come on suddenly and was very dark. I did not try to reach a small village which was not far ahead on account of a large gulch which intervened and must be dangerously filled with water. Besides this, the trails were numerous and unknown to me. I remembered having seen an Indian hut but a little way back, so I groped my way to it through the darkness, leading my mule and many times feeling for the trail with my hands. The hut was reached with difficulty, the blackest darkness prevailed within and without. The door was open, which I could see by an occasional flash in the heavens, but how dared I enter? Who knew there were no Indians within? What assurance had I that no outlaws, lions, tigers or deadly reptiles had taken refuge there? I wanted to get out of the rain and I wanted something dry with which to kindle a fire, and to secure these much-needed commodities I must take a chance.

I stepped into the door of the hut with pistol in hand ready to shoot at anything which offered resistance, and I struck a match as I entered the threshold. The hut proved to be empty and I tried to lead the mule into it, but she would not enter. I pulled vigorously upon the reins, but she would not budge a foot. I struck another match and saw that my pants legs were black and I beat a hasty retreat. I had entered a flea hatchery, so common in Mexico.

Guided by vivid flashes of lightning, I found a few long planks leaning against a pole pen, and I took refuge beneath them. Sheltered by the planks, all alone with my conscience and my thoughts, I spent a miserable, wretched night. I had nothing to eat and nothing to drink except the rain water which coursed down the planks and was caught in my hands. I had no bed, not even a blanket, and I was wet and cold. Though terribly against my will, I had simply to stand erect and watch and wait through the livelong night. Truly the hours of a dark and stormy night grow long and monotonous to one situated as I was. Alone in a foreign country, in rough and rugged mountains, surrounded by bad Indians, by native cut-throats, ferocious

wild beasts, venomous reptiles and poisonous insects, and not an English-speaking person within fifty miles. Surely the time dragged heavily. Each moment seemed an hour and the night seemed the length of a whole lifetime.

When the morning came there was no sign of the mozo, and the saddle mule also was gone. She had slipped the bridle, for it was hanging on the tree to which she had been tied. A long search revealed her at the bottom of a deep canyon, and when I approached her she refused my fellowship. With much difficulty I enforced submission with a lasso which had been attached to the bridle.

I mounted the mule bareback and started for the hut where the saddle was left. While ascending the side of a gulch the mule lost footing and fell into a deep hole from which she could not extricate herself. I almost wrecked my brain in the endeavor to devise means of the mule's deliverance. If left in the hole she would starve to death, or be drowned in the next rain, though the water was now not deep enough to submerge her. There was never a time when I needed a mule more. Thinking if there was no hole for the mule to stand in she would be able to walk away, I fell to the task of filling the hole with rocks. As the hole was filled the mule rose higher and higher until she met her preserver on the level.

When the hut was reached and the saddle adjusted the journey was resumed. When the little village across the gulch was reached a hearty meal of tortillas (thin corn hoecakes) and huevos (eggs) was enjoyed.

Learning nothing of the lost mozo, another was employed and the journey renewed. In a short time Urique was in sight. Being in sight does not always mean near by, and many hours were required to reach the town. Urique is on a river of the same name and looks, in the distance, like a lot of large boulders bunched along a snake's trail. On descending the mountain one frequently passes over points in the trail so steep the mule seems almost to stand on her head, and at other times it is almost impossible to keep the animal from falling over backward. The trail is blasted out of the side of the mountain and is so narrow that at times one foot of a man in the saddle scrapes along the side of the rocky heights on one side, while the other dangles over a precipice so high that one misstep of the mule would hurl man and beast to the bottom of the gulch a thousand feet below.

When I reached Urique I had as yet heard nothing of my first mozo, or the mule. Fortunately I had in my pocket sufficient medicine for the immediate demands of the patient, and the rest was sent later.

On the following morning, while on my return trip, I encountered the lost mozo and mule. The mozo had caught her, but not until she had rolled down a fifty-foot incline with the pack still fast to her back. Both she and the pack were in a sad plight. Everything was dirty and wet, and the mule wore a sad, faraway and battered countenance. Her ears hung down and she looked tired and hungry. The medicine bags were out of shapes, bottles broken, medicine slipped, and things generally presented a disreputable appearance.

To get out of Urique is a difficult task. It is an almost constant climb for many hours and is fatiguing to man and beast. One may travel for hours and Urique will still be in sight. Four hours after leaving the town it seemed I could throw a stone back into the main street.

I exchanged the new mozo for the old one, and I ate a breakfast of goat's milk cheese and tortillas, which had been provided before leaving the patient's house.

Notwithstanding my saddle mule had proved a good one, she was fallible, and I was in constant dread of the treacherous, wet tarils. They were well water-soaked, and in the wet season many landslides, large and small, occur.

On the second day of travel, when I was nearing my home, I had occasion to make a short curve around the head of a gulch. A small slide had lodged upon the trail and the mule rose upon it. The jostle, induced by the mule jumping upon it, dislodged it and it resumed its downward course. At first it moved slowly, but it increased in speed as it passed down the steep incline. It was a ride uncoveted and unique, and was fraught with danger to life and limb.

Strange to say, the mule stood stockstill and did not seem to realize the situation in the least. But I did. I was filled with dread, and as I passed along where the trees leaned toward the gulch I seized the first limb which came within reach, and I was left swinging in the air. With great joy at my deliverance I climbed to earth again all safe and sound. But the mule went down to the bottom like a car with a broken steering rod, and broke her neck.

I climbed upon the pack mule, which had been coming

slowly on behind, and left the mozo to bring my saddle home.

Thirty-Ninth

"A STAGE ROBBERY"

On the west coast of Mexico the stages are called "Diligencias" and are of the old, old type of the last century. They are drawn by ten mules, two of which are at the tongue and eight are in front, harnessed four abreast. They travel day and night, changing mules every fifteen miles, and give about the only evidence of quick movement seen in that section of country.

Down every slope and upon every level the driver whoops, yells and whips the mules with a long keen lash which he handles so dexterously he strikes even the most distant mule in just the spot he wishes, and nearly every crack brings the blood. The little animals travel under constant fright and run as though escaping some unseen monster. The second coachman plays the part of fireman and he works harder than a man in a coal bin. He runs along upon the ground, whipping first one mule and then another, and strange to say he whips the most willing mule the most. Through him and the driving coachman the mules are soon forced into a run. Then the second coachman springs upon the stage step and remains there until it is necessary to apply his inhuman torture again.

The stages constitute the Government mail trains and they take passengers, but are not particular whom they transport. When the rainy season begins the stages cease to operate and the mail is carried upon the backs of mules.

I once climbed into one of these stages at night. I could not distinguish my fellow-passengers, but I soon knew there was something radically wrong. A vile odor almost felled me at the stage door, but I got in and took a seat. Looking around I observed a man completely covered up, only his eyes were exposed to view. The man frequently placed his head again the back of my seat, and sometimes rubbed his head against my back. This was not conducive to comfort, so I placed a handkerchief over my face and leaned forward out of reach of the man and went to sleep. Although I did not dream of the invalid, my nap was cut rather short. I was awakened by the intensity of the stench. The curtains of the stage had been drawn down

on account of the cool night breeze, and the sick man had removed the coverings from his face. Like a frightened squirrel I climbed to the top of the stage, where I remained among the trunks and valises until a stop was made for breakfast.

Everyone got out of the stage except the invalid, and it was seen that he was a leper. His fingers were twisted and knotted, his face was out of shape and sloughing, and he presented a sight at once hideous and pathetic.

There were American and Mexican passengers on the stage and when I explained the nature of the disease from which the man was suffering the Mexicans threatened to shoot the despised wretch if he did not leave the stage.

I remonstrated strongly. I said they would no doubt confer a favor upon the poor creature if they would kill him, and they probably would never be interfered with by the law, but it would be a cold-blooded murder for which they would be held accountable by their God. The proper authorities had accepted the man's money for his seat and he had an equal right in the stage with anyone else. It was their privilege to leave the stage if they cared to do so, but they had no right, moral or otherwise, to molest the leper.

The passengers were pacified for a time, but when the stage reached a strip of wooded country a few miles from the breakfast house the Mexicans forced the leper from the stage. They tied the poor creature to a tree and made the driver urge the stage mules away as fast as they could go. The unfortunate afflicted man was left to whatever fate might befall him.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and it was not long before those cruel wretches reaped in part their reward. But the reward was not commensurate with their vile deed. They were only in a measure repaid for their evidence of man's inhumanity to man.

The country was infested with ladrones, and before the stage emerged from the skirt of timber in which the leper had been left it came to a sudden halt. A dozen guns met the gaze of the men on the top of the stage as well as of those within, and several voices cried "Hands up!"

The male passengers were all armed, but they knew any faulty effort at resistance would mean certain death. The surprise was as sudden as it was great, so all submitted without a word. One by one they were made to get out

of the stage and were robbed of everything they possessed. Then each in turn was stripped of every vestige of clothing and made to get back into the stage as nude as when they first sprang into the atmosphere of existence. The drivers were then given orders to take the stage away, and they lost no time in doing so. The mules were promptly urged into a run and were kept in a run until out of sight of the hideous masks which hid the faces of the robbers. Then the driver stopped the stage and gave each passenger a few old newspapers to be used as clothing. He said they were the only things the robbers would not take from him, so he constantly went prepared for emergencies like that. The papers were adjusted to the bodies of each individual, male and female, as best they could be, and the stage went rolling on down the road.

How impossible it is to describe the feelings of one robbed upon the public highway under such circumstances. Each individual sat in the stage as before, except that he was neither barefoot nor shod, nor possessed of mineral or metallic substance; and each was as silent as the tomb of Hiram, the widow's son.

Fortieth

"REVOLUTIONARY ROBBERS"

Julian Medina, a noted revolutionary robber of Mexico, with three hundred armed men, demanded the surrender of a mine at which I was engaged as physician. There were but four Americans at the mine at the time, Messrs. Hordly, Mitchell, Neal and myself. A hasty council of war was held. Each of the little group said fight, but the manager of the mine thought the mine might be better protected by a compromise, and it was agreed that an attempt at compromise would first be made. Failing in this, a fight would ensue. The bandits were notified there was no such thing as surrender, but that they might approach the gate for parley.

The gate was a part of a rock wall ten feet high which was built around the store, office, dormitory, restaurant, etc., for protection. In each corner of the rock fence there was a tower which reached six feet above the fence. There were peepholes in each of the four sides of each tower through which one might observe the four directions—in

fact, in every direction—and a lot of shooting could be done through them if necessary.

General Del Toro, of the Mexican Federal Army, was stationed four hours away from the mine, which means it would require four hours for a man to cover the distance in a walk.

Del Toro was notified of the approach of the robbers, and he promised to pursue them at once.

I and two of the Americans stationed ourselves in three of the towers, well prepared to fight, and the manager met the robbers at the gate. They came down from the high mountains and could be seen a long time before they reached the mine. They came in groups of twenty or more, each group being in advance of the other about seventy-five yards. They were in single file and the leader of the first group carried a blood-red flag about four feet square. The trail led within fifty yards of my tower and just across a deep gulch where the road had been blasted out of the side of the stony gulch. I was dressed in white and could be plainly seen, as I had opened to full width every aperture in my tower. As soon as the robbers were opposite my tower they saw me, and every man except the flagman fell from his horse, hid behind the rocks and pointed his gun at me.

I threw my rifle to my shoulder and pointed it at the flagman, the only one who did not dismount. We had agreed not to shoot unless at some one who might attempt to scale the back wall, so I resisted temptation, which was very great, and held my fire notwithstanding I momentarily expected the group to fire on me. It was truly a soul-trying moment, but it did not continue long, for as suddenly as they had dismounted they mounted again and made all haste to reach the gate. They came in a run, whooping any yelling like so many demons from hell.

Having reached the gate, they demanded that it be opened. The manager refused the demand and they threatened to dynamite it. "I will open the gate," said the manager to Julian, the chief, "if you only will come in. I am here alone."

"All right," said the chief. "Open it. I promise."

The gate was opened and the chief stepped in, followed by one and then another until the manager attempted to close it.

"No, you shall not close the gate," said the chief, and

he said to his men: "Do not allow this gate closed under any circumstances. Allow no one to enter, nor anyone to pass out. Watch closely, and at the sound of the first gun you hear, kill everyone in sight and dynamite the whole place."

The chief and those who had followed him through the gate were invited into the office, where a compromise was made. They were to accept five hundred dollars in cash and five hundred dollars in values from the store; take all horses and arms, except those of the manager, and rob the Mexican citizens of whatever arms and animals they possessed.

We were then called from the towers and with ten of the robbers entered the store.

The chief was a tall, thin, raw-boned Indian and wore a hat not less than three feet across from one side of the brim to the other. He perched himself upon a small box placed upon a very large box and looked a veritable imp of His Satanic Majesty.

The goods were being selected and ordered out by him. In a facetious attempt at levity, with a sinister smile upon his broad, brown face, he said to one of the clerks: "Give me some handkerchiefs. I want two. One for my nose and one for my eyes when I cry."

Immediately I said to him: "Chief, you would better take three."

In a puzzled, yet astonished manner, he asked: "Why should I take three? I said I wanted two handkerchiefs. Now, why do I want three?"

"Well," said I, "you want one for your nose and one for your eyes when you cry, as you say, and you will need the third one to stop that hole General Del Toro is going to put through your belly now very soon." I was momentarily expecting the arrival of General Del Toro with his four hundred well armed men. As soon as I had finished my reply to the chief every robber in the store stopped instantly as still as death and peered fiercely at me. For a moment I feared I had spoken rashly and unwisely, and there flashed before my eyes a picture of myself blindfolded and standing before a firing squad. For a moment a pin could have been heard to drop. The moments were strenuous, and it was a relief when the chief turned away with a forced smile and told his men to go on with their

work. General Del Toro with his one hundred majority never did come.

Later another band of robbers came, and they killed Hordly and Mitchell and stabbed Neal five times in the back, but he escaped and recovered.

Forty - First

"DYNAMITE"

At one time I was physician to a mine far up in the mountains of the State of Jalisco, Mexico. I occupied a house alone, down in a large gulch, which received its water from many others and poured it into the Santiago River. My residence adjoined my office so it was convenient, if it was dangerous, to reside outside of a ten-foot rock fence which had been erected for the protection of the Americans who were employed at the mine.

Some of the Mexicans employed by the mining company became discontented at having 2 per cent of their earnings appropriated by the company to the support of the hospital department, and it was supposed they attempted to destroy that institution. At any rate I was aroused one night, about the hour of twelve, by the most terrific explosion I had ever heard. Half stunned by the shock, I brushed the trash from my face, which had fallen from the ceiling and the walls.

I believed it was dynamite and must have been meant for me. Momentarily I expected another blast which would transport me to the land of the sky.

I thought of my gun and I recalled the fact that I had left it within the rock wall, where I had taken it three days before when the mine was visited by robbers. I also thought of my pistol, but it had been left in my office, and to get it I would have to go out to my house, so I was absolutely defenseless. I quietly slipped from bed and peeped through the door and window. Seeing nothing and hearing nothing, I returned to bed fully expecting another blast. I got back into bed firmly believing it would be my last effort at limited rest. The moments were indeed trying and it was some time before I went to sleep again, but I did, and when I awoke in the morning I found a hole in the ground in front of my door which told clearly the tale of the night.

The dynamite had been thrown from the hillside where

the road zigzagged up the mountain above the house, and it was thrown with such force it escaped the house, passing just above it and reached the ground in front of the door. There was a hole in the ground which showed the power of dynamite. Concussion had dangerously riven the walls of the house and broken the panes of glass.

The manager of the mine urged me to sleep within the rock fence, but I refused to do so, and I remained one month more in the same house.

Forty - Second

"LOOKING INTO MAUSER RIFLES"

In company with a gentleman I went up into the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico to examine machinery which had been left in my care, and which was for sale. It was an abandoned mine in a desolate region far from any occupied habitation of any kind. There was a rock wall lying between the machinery and the abandoned houses of the mine. The wall was covered with vines and hid the houses from the view of any person who might be at the machinery.

We heard the familiar sound of blankets being flapped in the air to rid them of moisture or dust, and we also heard low whistling and voices. We had been told that Vecinte Real and his band of thirty robbers had depredated on the day before and had gone up into those mountains. During the mentioned depredation Real had cut the soles from the feet of a Mexican farmer, cut off his ears, made him walk over rough stones and then shot him. Then the band sacked the house and carried his two daughters and his pretty wife up into those mountains. It is the ladrone custom to take women in this way and retain them until they can secure others.

When the noises alluded to were heard I proposed to peep a little and learn who the persons were, but my friend did not agree with me.

"For God's sake, no," said he. "Let us finish our work and get away as quickly as possible. Do nothing to let them think we know they are here." At that moment we were startled by the command:

"Lavantan sus manos!" (Lift up your hands!)

We threw up our hands as we turned around and we looked down the throats of fifteen Mauser rifles which

rested on the fence. Each iron throat seemed to gap to the fullest extent, and they resembled six-inch boiler flues. We knew any antagonistic movement meant death, so we obeyed every command. We held our hands up until we were robbed of everything we possessed, except our clothes.

We were then told our hearts would not be taken because we could not replace them, but such as had been taken might be replaced. For that small courtesy we were very grateful, and we raised no objections when we were told to "Irse a pia." (Hike on foot.)

Our horses, of course, became bandits.

Forty - Third

"RESCUING A MINE MANAGER"

Notice was received at a mine in Mexico, where I was engaged, that twenty-one bandits had sacked a mine far up in the mountain heights, and the one white man living there, who was managing the place, had taken refuge in the tunnel of the mine and was held there by the bandits.

Six Americans, two from each of three neighboring mines, went to the rescue, and it required a hard all-night climb to reach the place. Mr. Kelly and I represented one of the mines.

During the first two hours the Sanitago River had to be crossed. We went over in a boat and the horses were jumped into the water and the chance taken of getting them again on the other side of the river. After all of the horses had been recovered except mine, I started out alone in the dark to search for it.

There was a small village on that side of the river, just a few shacks—"huacals"—occupied by abettors of bandits and frequented by roving bands of robbers. There was just starlight enough for me to see the outlines of large objects. Feeling my way through the brush which hid the houses from view I was tripped by a wire and thrown violently to the ground. I really believed I had been tripped by bandits, and as I fell to the ground I resigned myself to what seemed to be the inevitable. But the wire was that of an abandoned fence.

I saw a light in the distance and I wended my way to it. Around the light, which was a fire in front of a hut, I encountered the most brutish-looking body of men I had ever seen. I promptly told them I had been sent there

in search of a horse by a body of Americans who were on that side of the river quite near by. I said this because I knew no Mexican would commit a vile act if there seemed any possibility of a comeback. They never offer an affront or resent an insult publicly. Their method is bushwhacking, pure and simple. A fair fight is never seen in Mexico, but assassinations are numerous.

Those at the fire, unshaven and unshorn, denied having seen the horse and I passed on, but I saw the horse tied to a tree some distance from the house, and I took it down to the river, saddled it and proceeded with the rest of the party.

The lone man's mine was reached just at daylight, and the six of us rushed into the little village at the mouth of the mine, from six different directions, with gun in hand ready to shoot at anyone in the garb of a bandit.

The bandits had heard of our approach and had fled. It is astonishing how they communicate with each other. They seem to learn of every coming event, no matter how secretive others may be.

On returning with the rescued man on the following night our party was accompanied by a party of frightened Mexicans who were taking advantage of American protection to get into a safer land. From six, our party had increased to twenty-three.

Mr. Richards, who was one of the party, and I were better mounted than the rest and because of the fact that a cavalcade cannot travel faster than its slowest horse, we found ourselves far in advance of the rest of the crowd. The trails are so winding through those lofty mountains and gulches one cannot at times see a man behind him even if no more than fifty feet to the rear. As we were in advance of the rest we decided to push on a little faster, and have something to eat prepared at a house which had been passed as we went up the mountain. We pushed along with some haste, and it was not long before we discovered we were lost, notwithstanding it was a brightly moonlit night. We retraced our footsteps for a great distance, and not encountering our friends it was sure they had left the trail. It was certain the crowd had turned from the road Richards and I were on.

We stopped our horses and Mr. Richards whistled, but there was no response. Then he whooped, but only the

sound of his voice was lost in the distance. Then he gave a mighty yell, but there was no reply.

Recalling the fact that two shots fired in quick succession was the hunter's call, I fired my pistol twice in the air. No sooner had I done so than we were greeted by a rain of bullets. The missiles flew over us as thick as legs on a centipede, and many were uncomfortably close.

"There they are," said I. "Let's go to them as quickly as possible. They surely have encountered bandits."

"Let's get down and walk," said Richards.

"No, I am no pedestrian. I'll stick to my horse," I replied as we rode in the direction of the firing, believing our friends were between us and the bandits.

Upon entering an opening, that is, a place where there were no tall trees, we saw the body of a man above the bushes, which were as tall as his horse. I covered the man with my gun and asked who he was.

"I am a good man. Please do not shoot me," said the fellow. He stated he was on the way to a house just below, but as there was a fight there he would not go. He was offered five dollars to show the trail leading to that house, because it was believed the lost crowd was there, but the man refused. Then, in order to induce him to show the trail, and without dreaming I was even in part telling the truth, I told the fellow there was no fighting; that friends were shooting to let us know where they were. The man believed the story and led the way down to the house.

To my great amazement, our whole party had taken refuge behind a rock fence and had fired in every direction, thinking, they said, that Richards and I had been bushwhacked.

How easily we might have been killed by our friends!

Forty - Fourth

"A SUGGESTIVE NOTE"

Where mines in Mexico were not more than four or five hours apart I usually had the medical care of several at the same time.

One morning while passing up the mountain which laid between my habitation and the mine I intended visiting, I found a note pinned to a leaf which hung over the trail in such a manner it was impossible to pass without seeing it. I took the note down and read it. It was written in

Spanish and when interpreted it stated: "Do not go up this hill today. If you attempt it you will never reach the top."

I handed the note to a mozo, who had asked permission to accompany me over the mountain and was riding close behind. The mozo read the note and turned pale. He beseeched me to turn back. This, of course, I would not do. I told the mozo he might return if he cared to do so, or, he might ride a distance behind me and in the event of trouble he could fly for his life.

I took my gun from the scabbard, put in shells heavily loaded with buckshot, placed my pistol in front of my body where it would be in full view, and proceeded up the mountain. I was followed by the mozo in the distance. The poor devil had actually vomited from fright.

All foreigners went armed in the mining districts, not for the purpose of using them but to prevent their use, as no one will attack an armed man in Mexico.

After a short time two men were seen on the trail, quite a distance in front, but they were near enough for me to see that they wore the characteristic three belts. A bandit usually wears three belts, one around the waist, one slung over the right shoulder passing around the left side, and another over the left shoulder passing around the right side.

The trail was tortuous and led up to and across a diminutive plateau called "The Saddle" because of its striking resemblance to a saddle. The mountain rises to the right and to the left as do the cantle and the horn of a saddle.

The distance between me and the bandits grew less and less and when they reached "The Saddle" they separated, one stationing himself at either side of the trail about fifty feet from it.

I rode between them with gun in hand and watched them both by changing my eyes quickly from one to the other. Not a word was spoken, nor a movement made. No Mexican ladrone will take chances. He must have absolute advantage or he will do nothing. Preparedness in Mexico means safety, except from ambush.

On the return trip I was accompanied by Mr. Beard, the manager of the mine I had visited, and his mozo. That manager had been recently kidnaped and a ransom of five hundred dollars paid for his release. Just before reaching the top of the mountain we were met by a man coming in

a swift run. He threw up his hands in horror and begged us to return to the manager's mine. He said there were six bandits at a spring on the trail who swore no man should pass that way. Through fright the man had nearly run himself out of breath. He was a picture of despair, but his condition was not contagious. I said to the manager just what I had said to the mozo in the morning: "We have just as much right on this trail as anyone else, and if you will come on I will lead the way. I will ride a distance in advance of you, and your mozo will ride some distance behind you. In this way we will be safe, at least, in less danger."

We proceeded on over the mountain, through "The Saddle" and down on the trail in the direction of the spring; I led by fifty yards and the mozo was fifty yards behind the manager. We were each prepared with gun in hand for anything which might develop on the way. Momentarily we expected to meet the bandits, or to be fired upon from ambush, but there was no one at the spring, nor was anyone encountered on the trail.

Evidently the bandits had seen our guns, which declared readiness, and they had hidden in the brush. We were too widely separated for ambush. The bandits might have killed one of the party, but the chances were that one of them would be shot by the others, and enither desired to be the one shot.

Forty - Fifth

"AN EVENTFUL NIGHT"

Nearly all men traveling in Mexico on horseback take along a mozo, a Mexican valet. I preferred traveling alone for the reason the average mozo wil stop for conversation with every peon he meets, and cause delay. Again, he will divulge ones movements, which places one at a great disadvantage in avoiding bandits, with whom the mozo may be in league.

By a long rope I always led an extra horse, well equipped. By changing horses occasionally I could make faster time, and should one be shot from under me I might be able to mount the other and advance. The long lead rope was used so as to separate the animals as much as possible and avoid the possibility of one bullet putting both out of commission at the same time.

When traveling it was my habit to stop at some village early in the afternoon and have my animals cared for just as though I intended to remain in the town for a length of time. After midnight I would arise from bed and prepare for the continuance of the journey. Then I would call the hotel mozo, who sleeps just within the front door, the only door to the building; that door through which all men, mules and horses, dogs, hogs, fowl and provender must enter. I would then hire the mozo to saddle my horses, mount one of them and lead the way to the suburbs of the town and place me in the road leading to the next town.

Leaving Las Penas, a town on the coast of the State of Jalisco, at three o'clock in the morning, and being placed in the road leading to San Sebastian, I dismissed the mozo and proceeded on my way.

About four o'clock in the morning my horse fell suddenly to the ground, turning a half somersault. He remained upon the ground with his tail where his head should have been. But I did not fall. I just walked on over the horse's head as he went down and I was out of the way of the animal's hips before they reached the ground. I thought the horse had been tripped by a rope stretched across the road, or had been lassoed around the front feet by bandits. Such has been many times done since the days of "Liberty," which means to the average peon, privilege to rob.

I stood alone in the black darkness of the night, and unarmed. I was helpless against any attack by man or beast. My pistol and gun were on the saddle, and a few moments of anxiety passed like moments under a surgeon's knife without an anesthetic. To procure my arms was a desideratum, so I moved over to the horse, which was still lying upon the ground. I secured my pistol and being assured the horse was neither roped nor injured I forced it to rise notwithstanding its reluctance to do so.

Becoming convinced the fall was the fault of the horse, I mounted the other animal and led the one which had fallen.

Proceeding on the journey, the road led through a dense jungle of many miles in breadth. Through this jungle it was necessary to pass in order to reach the foothills of the mountains beyond, in which the town of San Sebastian was located.

It was still very dark, and the darkness was intensified by the foliage of the underbrush and trees. Tigers, Mexican lions, panthers, wolves and many small animals abound in this jungle, but I dreaded most the two-footed beasts that wear sandals and bear machetes, or cheese knives.

At a moment when my thoughts were deeply engrossed in the possibilities in store for me before reaching the foothills, if indeed I ever did, I was struck upon the throat and jerked backward until my head struck the root of the horse's tail. Suddenly I raised my chin to the fullest extent and whatever it was which had caught me by the throat glided over my face. In an instant I arose to a sitting posture in the saddle and at that same moment the horse sprang forward at a pace greatly pleasing to the rider.

Whatever the offending thing was I never knew, but the impression of a rope was deeply stamped upon my mind.

When the mountains were reached and climbed for a time the horse which had brought me safely through the jungle was exchanged for the one which had fallen. That horse was a good climber, but he turned another somersault and dislocated my wrist.

Forty-Sixth

"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM"

I was making a lone trip from Guadalajara to Tepic, in Mexico. As usual, I was on the trail at night. I believed it was safer to travel at night than in the day because if bandits should hear me coming they would not suspect that a lone stranger would be traveling at that hour. They would think I was proceeding others and would allow me to pass with a view of getting those who might be in my wake if not in superior numbers. At any rate, that was my view of things, and I did much riding at night, notwithstanding I was frequently admonished to discontinue it. General Del Toro, a Federal General, once said to me:

"Doctor, I want to make a request of you."

"All right, General. What is it?"

"I want to ask you, if not for my sake, for God's sake to stop riding around this country alone as you do. There are hundreds of men here, in fact, you see men every day of your life who are gonig to kill you at the very first

opportunity if for nothing more than to say, 'I killed a Gringo who was not afraid to ride around by himself.' "

The term "Gringo" is applied to Americans by Mexicans in derision. They do not know that the word means any person in a foreign country the language of which he cannot speak. A Mexican is a Gringo in the United States if he cannot speak English.

As straws show which way the wind blows, the General's simple request shows the bent of the Mexican mind. He knew his people. He knew that many consider it a Christian duty to kill an American; that is, if there is no chance of himself being injured at the time. He well knows if he escapes he will never be sought, caught or prosecuted by Mexicans.

I started on the journey to Tepic at the hour of midnight. I had not gone far from the village at which I had passed the first part of the first night out, when I saw a crowd of men in the road in front of me. They appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation, as they were rather closely grouped. I could see clearly that they were men and that some of them had dismounted, but I could not distinguish their habiliments, so could not determine whether they were bandits or not. As it was rare for a band of men to be out at that hour of the night, unless for dire or devilish work, I believed they were bandits. I was prepared for emergencies. It was my custom to be ready, especially when traveling at night. My gun was loaded and laid across my lap. I raised the gun in front of me, placed my finger on the trigger and moved slowly on, watching every movement of the men as best I could. I bore to the right of them, so that in passing I would have the muzzle of my gun pointing in their direction. When I was within thirty feet of them I discovered they were teamsters of a wagon train. The front wheel of the foremost wagon had fallen into a hole and the teamsters had all advanced their mules that their combined strength might extricate the wheel and allow the wagon to proceed.

I passed on by the wagons and just at the dawn of day I saw a long line of Mexican grass shacks along the side of the road. It is a common thing to see such shacks bordering the roads in the suburbs of the towns. I stopped my horse as still as possible that I might be certain I was not mistaken; that I was not dreaming. The houses were certainly moving. But houses cannot move, so they were

not houses. If not houses, what under heaven could they be? I began to fear I had "bats in my garret" and was seeing things. I thought of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the windmill, the herd of sheep, the dishpan helmets and many other things equally as extravagant, and I was indeed puzzled. While in this distracted mental attitude the things came nearer, and I could see that they had legs and were walking. Thus the mystery was solved. Great stacks of hay had been bound about the bodies of mules, as only Mexicans can do, and the only parts of the animals which could be seen were their legs and feet.

Forty - Seventh

"POISONED WHILE CROSSING THE MEXICAN SIERRAS"

I arranged a pack train at Chihuahua, Mexico, and went across the Sierra Madre Mountains toward Topolobampo, on the Gulf of California. My sole companion was an Indian guide with whom I could not converse, as neither of us could speak the language of the other. We camped alone every night in the desolate fastnesses of the mountains or in the suburbs or center of the towns.

The days were passed in admiration of the beauty of the scenery and the nights in blissful slumber disturbed only by the rain and the cry of a wolf, the scream of a panther or a Mexican lion. The trail was narrow, tortuous and dangerous. At times it passed through belts of magnificent tall pine timber and at others through a vastly varying underbrush.

The first night was spent in a sparsely timbered section, without house or tent. The sky was clear, the weather cool, and everything indicated a pleasant night and an early start in the morning. But the scene changed. By midnight it had grown cold and was raining. Not like a waterspout, but just one of those steady, searching rains which sink deeply into everything and finds ones very bones.

The moon and stars were gone and blackest darkness surrounded the mules, which had been allowed to wander in search of grass for their supper. Grass was all they had, and all they would get throughout the entire journey.

The rain was so annoying the Indian rekindled the fire at about two o'clock in the morning. Everything was wet,

and could be no worse if moving along the trail, so I decided to move on. I sent the Indian after the mules, and after a two hours' search he returned without them. He was given food and sent back to the search with instructions, pantomimically given, not to return without them. Without a word the man wrapped himself in his blanket and drew it across his mouth as was the Indian custom and disappeared in the darkness.

Many and weird were my thoughts as I sat upon my wet trunk in a cold rain at the dead of night, alone in a foreign country, in a section inhabited only by wild beasts.

Would the Indian find the mules? Would he find them and drive them away, never returning, unless with some old pals to rob or do worse? But what nonsense to worry about such things! What is coming will come. What is yours you will get. In this life one has to accept what comes one's way, and it is puerile to wish such things as have already happened were otherwise. Does a zebra regulate the stripes of his hide? Is he not born that way? Does any man regulate the color of his eyes, or his form? Are orators, singers, violinists, pianists, Edisons or Fords born, or are they made? Could any of these successful men make a success of any other calling? I do not believe they could. Could anyone make a world's champion chess player out of an imbecile? Did the blind imbecile, negro boy "Tom," make himself one of the greatest piano players in the world at seven years of age by practice? Could Christ have escaped his death on the cross? I think not.

I was a strong believer in the statement of the Koran that "There is a fatality hung about every man's neck," so I had no fear; nevertheless the hours, under the circumstances, were long and dreary. The rain continued to fall, not heavily but continuously. Just that tantalizing, drizzling rain that the Bible has likened unto a contentious woman.

When the hour of ten in the morning had arrived I had lost all hope of seeing my Indian or my mules again, and was planning to walk back to the railroad. I rose to my feet in contemplation of the situation and I heard the usual Mexican words of persuasion applied to mules, "Andarle Cabrones!" so in less than half an hour I was on the trail again. The rain continued four days and nights. We cooked and ate and slept in the rain. The nights were spent in wet blankets and the days in wet clothes.

On the morning of the fifth day when I had about come to the conclusion the rain would never cease, the sun burst forth suddenly and shone in all the effulgence of its glory. It drove away the few specks of cloud that were loath to leave the firmament and filled all space with transcendent radiance. It infused new life into everything. The animals stepped lighter and lifted their feet as though treading in midair. They stretched their necks to full length and dilated every nostril as though to draw in the glory of the hour. The few birds of the mountains chirped with gladness and flitted from bough to bough as they vied in cheerful song. The trees seemed to unfold every fiber and spread their drooping branches to catch every ray that sprang from the shining sun.

The Indian had complained of the slowness of the mules, but now they were willing to go; but being of flesh and blood, they grew tired after a few days more of travel and it seemed necessary to exchange them for others. When the town of Choix, in the State of Sinaloa, was reached a definite arrangement was made with a Mexican for large, strong mules, as no others could carry my baggage. The mules were to be ready for a start at eight o'clock a. m. of the following day and were to reach the town of Fuerte by eight in the afternoon, the hour at which a train would leave for the gulf coast.

At the appointed hour there were neither man nor mules in sight. At an hour so late it was impossible for the man to fulfill his obligations he appeared with a lot of little, ratty mules, thoroughly inadequate, and they were of course rejected. The Mexican claimed he had been badly treated and demanded one-half of the agreed price of the journey for his trouble and loss of time. Upon refusal to be bled by the Mexican, he went away in search of a policeman, swearing he would have me placed in jail if I did not pay the amount demanded. Instead of a policeman, the fellow returned with a Judge. They had planned a private court trial in the street. The Judge investigated a little, and told me I would have to pay the bill. But I did not agree with the Judge. I knew I was in the right and I had the courage of my convictions.

"I am entirely in your power," said I to the Judge. "You are in authority here and may do as you like, but I will never pay that man's bill."

"How much, then, will you give to settle the matter?" asked the Judge.

"Never a cent will I pay. If either of us is injured, I am. I have been delayed in my journey and will lose money. That man will not. I know you can put me in your jail if you like, but I promise you I will rot there before I will pay that man one cent."

The bluff worked. There was a hasty conference between the would-be robbers and they went away, going in different directions. They left me standing alone in the street, and one more effort to bleed a "Grngo" was thwarted.

The journey was continued with the original mules, but progress was slow. During the afternoon I was strongly attracted by bushes laden with beautiful red berries. The sight of the fruit tempted me, and increased my fruit appetite, which had not been gratified for many days. By means of signs I asked the guide if the berries were good for food. The reply was in the affirmative, but I would not risk eating an unknown fruit until I had induced the guide to eat of it first, but the guide either did not eat what he placed in his mouth or I indulged too freely, because in a brief space of time I became deathly sick. I could scarcely sit upon my mule, but the guide sauntered along behind me singing in a tone which indicated happiness, but sounded as though a great way off.

A peculiar sense of nervous excitement stole over my entire frame. I dismounted, laid down upon the ground and wished for a stomach pump. I could not vomit. Even a bunch of hair from the mule's tail in my throat failed to bring back the berries. The poison was being absorbed into my system. I knew it well, but could not prevent it. I spent the remainder of the afternoon between the ground and the saddle, and was forced to go into camp at an early hour. I retired with scarcely strength to remove my clothing, and the guide had to remove my boots. I was dizzy and weak. My flesh tingled, my muscles cramped and my breath came quick and short. My head was hot and my eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets. My temples throbbed and with a bounding pulse my feet and hands were cold. I knew I was undergoing a radical change, but was free from pain. I felt assured I was going to die, but I feared nothing.

It seemed death would be no more than the changing

of an old suit of clothes for a new suit. There are regrets at parting with an old suit which has adjusted itself to the kinks and knots of one's frame, and there are pleasures in the wearing of the new. As a new suit adjusts itself to one's frame and becomes comfortable, just so I believed it would be with the new state into which I was about to pass. The end seemed near at hand, and with a conscience clear I awaited the call to the judgment bar.

A drowning man, after the first pang of pain caused by water entering the lung, realizes he is dying, but it too comfortable to wish to return. Just so it was with me. I felt that I was passing away; that I was losing consciousness, and I did. Without a twinge of regret I passed from the scenes of this life into that state unknown to me. In an instant I seemed to pass the pearly gate which leads to the throne of God. I knew the gate had been opened for me, but I could see nothing. All space was of a garish brightness. The dazzling light which emanated from the throne was so transcendently bright I was totally blinded by it. My eyes seemed like large metallic balls heated to a white heat, yet they did not burn. I seemed to stand on nothing. There was nothing above, below nor around me, and the feeling was that of being surrounded in illimitable space and a brightness inconceivable.

While in this condition I heard a voice which pronounced the word "Doctor" very distinctly. I listened intently for a repetition, but it did not come. It seemed I had heard the voice while on earth, but I could not place it. I realized that I could not speak, but I made a desperate effort to respond and my eyes came wide open. The Indian guide had called me to say that the sun was shining in my face.

Dame Nature, the best doctor of them all, had come to my aid and eliminated the poison from my blood while asleep, and I was as well as ever before.

Forty-Eighth

"FARM, FOOD AND FILT"

Instead of pack trains they often use in the level west coast section of the Republic of Mexico large carts with wheels made from planks nailed together and sawed round. Sometimes the wheels are sawed from the trunks of large trees which grow near the coast. These carts are drawn

by oxen yoked as they were in the days of Christ, and they use the same long-shaft wooden plow with one handle. The yokes are lashed to the horns with rawhide strings and the whip is a sharp metallic-pointed prod. Just where Christ left them he would find them today, and they seemed destined to remain in this primitive state for a long time to come. The motto of the peon is: "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me." In most things they cannot be induced to change. They are infected with the microbes of leisure, pleasure and drink. The salvation of that country lies in the abolition of tequila distilleries, which furnish a good old drunk for three cents; enforced education, small holdings without a right to sell, and a free and full exercise of religious liberty.

As a rule the average laboring Mexican or peon is not under the ban laid upon the man in the Garden of Eden, for he never sweats to earn bread. He grows fruits along the streams and in the wet season he plants a few beans and a little corn.

The mountain farming is carried on in some places so steep that men have been known to attach ropes to their bodies to prevent them from falling out of the field. A watermelon or a pumpkin would roll until it burst to pieces in the Valley below, should it become detached from its moorings. The crops require—at least they get, but little attention in the form of labor. Peons chop down the bushes, make holes in the ground with a crowbar and put in the grain. When the corn is about two feet high they cut the bushes again with machetes and this completes the tilling. They have then only to gather the crop to complete the year's labor, and the yield is abundant.

Of course this statement does not apply to the whole country, because there are many large and profitable farms in the Valleys and more level country, and it is from these sections that the great agricultural products of the country are produced. The conditions above mentioned apply only to the mountainous country, which constitutes an extensive area. If the mountains of Mexico could be leveled by drawing them out to sea, Mexico would be so near to China one would be able to see the wooden shoe on the compressed foot of the Chinese damsel from the window of the adobe shack of the bigotted stiletto bearer. .

The peon class in Mexico lives in grass, stick, adobe or rock houses, according to the circumstances, and a few of

the rich live as do the poor. Chickens, pigs, dogs and people often occupy the same house and live quite socially together. They have so little furniture that when they wish to move all they have to do is to call the dog, pour water on the fire and go.

However, Mexico is a rich and wondrous country. It is rich in climate, minerals, timber and farm lands. It is wondrous in its topography, its height of mountains, its depth of canyons, and the peculiar course of its rivers. Rivers change bed annually in some places and spread over miles of country, while in other places the same river flows through canyons so narrow and deep that the sun shines upon the water not more than two hours a day. One may shoot a deer on the opposite side of a canyon and it would spoil before he could reach it. A bird shot dead while flying in the mountains may fall so far away it would require a whole day to get it.

The continuous change and grandeur of the scenery in the mountains create a natural panorama which is so pleasing to the eye the body fails of fatigue.

The greatest obstacle to travel in that country is the scarcity and limited variety of food. Conditions change for the better in the level country, but clean, palatable food is rare. Sanitation is unknown. There is no dread of flies, hence food is seldom protected against them. Articles exposed for sale, positively black all day with flies, are bought and eaten with the same relish as though fresh from the vine or pot. Every home is a separate enclosure, in which they use the surface closet and a hog for a scavenger. When the hog is fat they eat him and get another. If it was true that man dies when he eats a peck of dirt, no peon would live long enough to cut teeth.

The average peon is like a blanket. He shrinks from washing. It is an undeniable fact that many of them go for years without taking a bath or washing their faces. Even the women, who are much more cleanly than the men, refuse to allow water to touch them when they become sick, no matter what disease they may be afflicted with. They entertain the insane idea that if one washes even his hands while ill, recovery is impossible.

“MEXICAN BAILES OR BALLS”

A Mexican “baile” or ball is attended with features peculiarly characteristic and differing widely from those of any other country. The music is pretty, catchy and fills one with enthusiasm for the dance, but it is so fast it is almost impossible for one not accustomed to it to dance by it. Sometimes two bands play and the music is incessant; the one takes up the refrain from the other and gives the other a time to rest. When a couple wishes to talk, or rest from the dance, they just cease dancing and walk around the floor in the direction the dancers go. When they care to do so they join in the dance again. In this way a couple may remain together throughout the entire evening, and the only comment will be that they are “Novias,” which means “Sweethearts.” No one will interrupt a couple while upon the floor, so one is safe from molestation by other fellows as long as one can keep his girl from sitting down. No man cares for the novia of another man, if the other man is around.

The most pronounced feature of a baile is the drinking. There is no ball without a bar, and a bountiful supply of things to drink are always on hand. That statement is true so far as an experience of ten years on the west coast of Mexico can testify.

In the border towns things are different. Their inhabitants are more Americanized.

A grand carnival ball was given at the Governor’s Palace and I attended it by invitation. The ballroom was large, brilliantly illuminated and gorgeously decorated. Palms were everywhere and vines hung in festoons of rare design, the whole being interspersed with electric lights of varied colors and form. The cardinal feature of the decoration was a display of the national colors, and the red, white and green were so artistically interwoven as to present a scene free from fault. The music was entrancing. The women were handsome; some were beautiful—thanks to the three “P’s”—paint, powder and perfume. The men were stylishly dressed and seemed as courteous as men could be.

At ten o’clock the dance began and all went well until about the hour of midnight. At that hour many were drunk. And why should they not be? There were three

well-regulated places supplying drinks of every kind and several men served at each place. Besides this, there were men who took trays with glasses and bottles all around the room and insisted that everyone should drink. They mixed drinks, the strong with the weak, and brandy straight went down female throats with as little discomfort as attends water in a rain barrel. Soon many were incapacitated for the dance, and at the daylight hour some were seen wabbling in the streets as gracefully as an empty bottle in a whirlpool.

At a ball in the town of Mocorito I was presented to a novia by her own request, she having expressed a desire to dance with me. I declined at first, but being of a mind to try anything once, I danced with the girl. When she arose to join me her "Novio," who was sitting with the family, told me to bring her back to him when I was through with her. When we had made one round of the floor, the novio, valiant fellow, met us with a cocked pistol in his hand, which he had obtained from the cloak room, but it was taken from him by force before he had an opportunity to use it. Who he intended to shoot may be inferred from the fact that on the following morning I was told the fellow had followed me to my room in the hotel with a large machete in his hand.

The peons have neither wood, brick nor cement floors to dance upon, so they dance upon the ground, often under brush arbors. As is the case with the higher classes, drinking is the main feature of the dance.

A dance was given to the workmen of a mine and there was no place for giving our drinks, so men walked through the grounds with demijohns of mescal, a famous native drink, under their left arms and funnels in their right hands. They put the funnels in the mouths of men and women and poured in what they thought right for the time. They began the dance early in the evening, and before midnight everybody was drunk, many had been knocked down, and the dance was over. Those who were not asleep upon the ground were rambling in the streets like so many boats without rudders.

It is necessary to obtain a license to give a dance, even in one's own home, in Mexico. There is a twofold object in it—revenue for the mayor and protection for the people. A part of the money is paid to extra policemen to protect the dancers against themselves. This sounds preposterous

to one uninitiated, but it is well understood by those who have attended dances in the interior of Mexico.

I attended a dance given to the mediocre at a village in the State of Durango. It was a small town in the mountains on the Fuerte River. I rode several miles on mule-back and crossed the river in a boat. I had been invited to dinner and the dance was to be a surprise. On account of this I did not take thin shoes—things very necessary to my comfort at a dance. A dress suit would have been as much out of place as hair on a billiard ball. I telephoned for my pumps, but when they reached the river it had risen and was flowing with so strong a current no boat could live in it. The party who had given the dance was little less than a King in that section of the country. He had recently sold a mine for two hundred thousand dollars and was liberal in the use of his money. It was he who had given the baile at which the demijohns figured so conspicuously. The little King ordered a peon to swim the river for the shoes. I plead against such hazard, but it was of no avail. The order had been issued and must be obeyed. The man's order was as the mandate of the Pope.

The peon secured a piece of log about six feet long, bored a hole near the end of it and drove a peg into the hole. Holding to that peg he jumped into the river and in less than an hour the pumps were upon my feet, which were moving to the sweet strains of music from a good Mexican band.

The entertainment was continued three days and nights. Dancing and drinking were the features of the occasion, as usual, but the table must not be forgotten. It was laden with the best of everything obtainable in the country, and there was a large crowd to enjoy it. Everything was elegant. The purest of silverware, beautiful cut glass and the finest foreign China. There were rich napkins of exquisite drawnwork, but they were neither changed nor laundered during the three days of entertainment. After each meal they were gathered in a large basket and just before each meal they were distributed around the table. One may have gotten the same napkin twice, but if he did it was not known. This is a custom peculiarly Mexican.

As has been said, nearly everybody drinks on the west coast of Mexico, and it is no disgrace to get drunk, no matter what circle of society one moves in.

Music and mescal are the usual means of announcing

success in that country. When a man has made an unusual deal in any line of business he employs a band, gets drunk and strolls from grog shop to grog shop spending his money freely. He treats everyone who will drink with him and he usually gathers a large crowd of followers. He continues the orgy, day and night, as long as he can possibly hold up, and then he lies down to sleep off the alcohol and dream of happiness to come.

Fiftieth

"SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN MEXICO"

Mexican society is divided into three distinct classes—first, second and third; and the lines between these three classes are as distinctly drawn as they are between the rich, the common people and the negro in the United States.

There are in Mexico persons as highly educated, polished, refined and pure as can be encountered in any quarter of the globe, but they are few, very few in comparison to the great horde of Spanish-Aztec mixtures, which constitutes the great bulk of the population. The peculiar customs of this mixed blood people pervade the whole social atmosphere.

In Mexico no two persons of opposite sex ever have an opportunity of conversing unheard by others, except on a ballroom floor or clandestinely. No mother will allow her daughter, or any girl under her protection, to be alone with a man, no matter who he is, unless he is her father or brother. There must be a chaperone, and sometimes several of them. For instance: When I first went to Mexico I invited a young lady to attend the theater with me. She accepted the invitation and when I called for her I found her mother and several brothers and sisters all dressed and waiting. Instead of a couple of seats I had to buy a box, and it was well filled. I never made that mistake again.

Every habitation is a fort, with one entrance. Fowl, beast, provender and the people all enter and leave through the same door. Every residence resembles a jail. Every window is grated with heavy iron bars and it is through these grated windows that the young folks do their courting. The construction of the houses speak louder than words as evidence of the absolute lack of confidence Mexicans have in each other. Well, they know each other best.

Every town, even those of but a few hundred inhabitants, has a public plaza, and everybody goes to the plaza on Thursday night, Sunday afternoon and Sunday night of every week. They go for exercise, and to see and be seen. It is there they splurge in all their finery, paint, perfume and powder. A girl seen on the next day without her artificial plumage would not be recognized. All men, except when accompanied by a lady, walk around the plaza in one direction and the women in another. In this way the sexes are brought face to face.

When a man sees a girl who strikes his fancy he learns who she is and locates her home. Then he will go day after day and walk in front of her house, or hang himself up against the wall on the opposite side of the street for hours each day and gaze at her as she sits in the window observing what goes on in the street. It is a time-honored custom to sit in the window, as the residences are built up to the sidewalk just as the business houses are, and there are no porches.

After many days of patient watching and waiting for some sign of recognition, and failing to get it, the young man gives up in disgust and goes away. In case he is recognized he goes over to the window, introduces himself and engages the girl in conversation. He stands upon the outside and "plays bear" with the girl behind the bars. No young man is permitted to visit a girl in any other way, and there is always some one besides the girl, though usually out of sight, to hear what the man says. It is a sad commentary on conditions, but it is a warm country and the climatic influences may justify the precaution.

If the girl at the bars accepts the man's proposition to marry, he will send a committee of friends to the father to ask his permission. Then comes a long, weary wait, for it is considered vulgar to reply promptly, and many times the father's decision is not known for months. If they agree to live together without marrying, she will leave the place clandestinely and go to him. If the father's reply is in the affirmative the suitor is allowed to enter the house, but he never sees the girl alone until after the marriage ceremony is performed.

In a great measure a woman's pleasure ceases when she marries, because she is buried in the tomb of her own home and subjected to a jealous surveillance which is as continuous as it is painful. Divorces are not given in Mexico

except for one cause, but those who do not marry often separate.

A woman will not speak to a man first, even after he has been presented to her. She will stare him out of countenance on the street or anywhere else, but the man must speak first. Mexican society is indeed unique. I once asked a man at a dance if a certain other man was not related to him.

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "And we have the same mother and the same father, too." But he did not confess that there were half brothers, from both sides of the house.

A great many of the parents of large families are not married. They simply live together and raise bastards, and the bastards move in the best of society, if they have money.

To be really and fully married in Mexico one must be married twice to the same woman. Religion and State were supposed to have been separated by Benito Juarez, but it is not so in practice. A priest will not marry a Catholic to a Protestant without a special dispensation, and if there is any way to avoid it he will. The church does not recognize a civil marriage, nor does a church marriage alone without a license satisfy the law.

According to the Roman Catholic Church every man and woman who is not united in marriage by a priest is living in adultery, and their children are bastards.

It is true, ceremony cannot bind hearts. If not bound by God the binding will rust. No law can compel a man to live with a woman if he does not wish to, nor a woman to live with a man if she does not choose to do so; nor can any law, which does not deprive one of liberty, keep man and woman apart if they both desire otherwise.

It is love that binds in happiness. It is love which causes one never to tire of those small things so often neglected because they are small, yet which are as necessary to happiness as existence itself. These small courtesies blunt the thorns of human existence. They soften the nature of recipient and donor, and weave cords of love which bind like chains of hardened steel. They are like condiments to a tasteless meal, and are stronger links in affection's chain than greater acts. They fix the respect of man, a thing far more difficult to retain than to gain.

Love comes but once to every soul and is a creation of God. It is incorruptible and indestructible. Once the

genuine flame is kindled, it never ceases to burn. Neither fire, wind nor wave can affect it. It is as endless as the cycle of the earth. It is a fixture within one's brain and breathes in consonance with every pulsation of the heart. It is an electric union of souls and the current flows from soul to soul throughout all time, no matter how widely they may be separated.

Fascination is a very different thing and comes frequently to one. It is of the earth and emanates from the carnal nature of man. It is destructible, deceptive, and leads man astray. Man is like a ship that weathers many a storm and goes down in one less severe. The power is not given man to resist temptation with equal force at all times. Fascination exists for a time, apparently as strong as love, but it will inevitably vanish like snow under a noonday's sun. Those linked together by mere fancy are to be pitied. A distinction between the two states, love and fascination, is often extremely difficult, and one may be mistaken for a time, but the truth will out. It is reasonably certain that a man who really loves a woman, and desires her for a life companion and the mother of his children, will have too much respect for her to lead her into any conditions where cruel criticism will be the least of her rewards. He would shield her good name as he would her life. "Kill my dog, but do not give him a bad name." A woman should be constantly on her guard. The first insinuation of familiarity by a man should be met with a slap in the face, or a parting of the ways. If he really loves he will return, but if not he will cease from following after her, and her loss will be her gain.

The continuance of an early love is the only hope of real happiness to an old man. Women usually are fond of children, and old men of young men, but no one cares for an old man who feels the weight of years.

While woman causes many a man to lose his equanimity, it is particularly so in Mexico. No man's life is safe if he receives marked courtesy from a man's wife or sweetheart. All along the public highways in Mexico there are rock piles which mark spots where men were made to yield up the ghost, and almost invariably from jealousy, that child of distrust. As it is the exception which makes the rule, there are exceptions to this rule, but they are few.

A lawyer who was at one time a Judge, and resided in Culiacan, quite near my hospital, was out riding with me.

We came to a rock pile and I referred to it.

"I wonder who killed that fellow?"

"I killed him," said the lawyer.

"Why did you do it?"

"That fellow was a robber and we had him in jail in the village of Culiacancita. One night we went down and took him out. He asked why this was done at night. I told him it was cooler traveling back to the city of Culiacan at night. When we reached this spot he said it was no use to go any farther if we were going to kill him. I agreed with him, and he was stood up against that fence and I shot him. I killed fourteen while I was Judge."

I knew of many a man being killed in Mexico, but no attempt at murder was ever made if there was any possibility of defense. Open combat is never known there. Did the reader ever think of the bravery of a man who shoots another when his hands are tied behind his back? Of such is Mexico.

Fifty - First

"THE VERA CRUZ EPISODE—"NEW YORK TO TEXAS"

Upon the day American soldiers landed in Vera Cruz in 1914 a veritable hell was created in Mexico for Americans. The naturally murderous blood of the Mexicans was fired to a high point, and it is a wonder Americans were not massacred. Many of my personal acquaintances were butchered like rats, just because they were American's President Wilson's opinion that President Huerta, the man who prevented wholesale murder of Americans, was an usurper and must be suppressed, brought about the taking of Vera Cruz, which proved a farcical and costly episode.

I was in Guadalajara at the time of that deplorable event. Immediately circulars were spread over the west coast country which stated that Mexico was actually at war with the United States; that every town on the border had been captured except El Paso; that the prisoners at Fort Bliss had killed eight hundred American soldiers, and that with the arms and ammunition of the dead they were marching upon El Paso, which would inevitably fall; that Villa had united with Velasco, and that one hundred and fifty thousand Mexican braves were tramping over Ameri-

can soil and the cowardly Americans were running like dogs. "God was with Mexico and she would win."

As I walked along the street I overheard conversations in which men were urged to shoot me. "Now is a good time to begin, shoot that fellow," they said. Men cried wildly that "Every American man, woman and child should be placed in the penitentiary and blown to hell with dynamite the moment a Mexican was injured in the States." Americans were forced from carriages and the drivers threatened with death if they took them in again.

Danger grew so imminent the Americans housed in the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Guadalajara. Attempts were made to overcome them and abuses continued until Mr. Percy Holmes, the British Consul, urged all Americans to come to the British Consulate for protection, as there was no safety for them anywhere else. They accepted the invitation and there was never another demonstration against them while there. What a stimulant it was to American patriotism to see the American Consul and his people trembling under protection of the British flag. Great Britain enforces respect for her subjects.

Through the influence of the British Consul the Governor of the State permitted a train to take the Americans to the port of Manzanillo, where they might find means of escape from the country. The use of the train was only granted under the guarantee that American soldiers would not return to Guadalajara in it. The Governor thought as did the Americans, that soldiers had been or would be landed at every port of Mexico.

Before the train was out of sight of the city of Guadalajara the Americans were adroitly divested of their belongings, without any suspicion of what was really being accomplished. Men in the uniform of Mexican army officers entered coach and coach and said to each passenger as they approached him or her:

"We have been placed here that no harm may befall you, and we have been ordered for your protection to take up your valuables, give you a receipt for them and return them when you reach Manzanillo." They told me they were out of receipts, but would hand me one in a few moments, but I never saw it. Neither receipts, valuables nor those officers ever reached Manzanillo. As soon as the process of military skinning was over the train was stopped and the officers and plunder disappeared in automobiles

which were in waiting, and it was not until then that the Americans began to look wise and lament. It was one of those foxy tricks so frequently played in Mexico.

The train made its next stop in the town of Chacualco. A howling mob had gathered and the Americans were greeted with a whirlwind of the vilest abuse capable of expression in the Spanish language. The extent of abuse was inconceivable and must have been heard and understood to be believed. Every villainous throat swelled to the bursting point with dirty epithets, and the slogan was "Dynamite the train! Kill the Gringos, the cowardly Gringos! Allow no one to escape!" And shower after shower of mud, sand and sticks were thrown through the train windows. A large American flag was trampled underfoot, cursed, torn into strips and burned and the ashes thrown through the windows of the car.

When the train reached Manzanillo it was ten o'clock of the next morning. The women and children were permitted to go aboard the German freight ship "Maria," which lay in the harbor laden with Chinese men who were not permitted the land.

The men of the American party were placed in a room at the wharf, where they were held until six o'clock p. m., and they became advised that dynamite was under them, in readiness for an explosion in case an American gunboat should appear in the harbor. Soldiers, and citizens between soldiers with fixed bayonets, frequently appeared at the door and abused the Americans in a manner solely deserved by the vilest of criminals. They well knew the Americans were disarmed and defenseless. It was evident they wished to provoke some sort of resentment which could be construed into an excuse for a holocaust. No American ship appeared, so I and my companions were permitted to go aboard the ship where the women and children of the party were awaiting with much anxiety.

The Chinese were placed aft of the ship and the Americans were given the forward deck, and they slept in the forward hold in suspended canvas bunks. The Americans numbered two hundred and fifty-four and the Chinese two hundred.

The ship's supply of food was limited, but she was not allowed to replenish even with water. All hands were placed on two meals a day at half rations. At meal times they were lined up on the deck and the food was passed

down the line. Each helped himself with his fingers and ate with an appetite seldom experienced by man.

The ship reached San Diego, California, laden with the most august body of paupers ever seen, many of whom had been worth thousands of dollars. Most of them had lost everything they possessed. I had left a handsome array of office fixtures, a complete library and instruments sufficient for all demands. My household and kitchen furniture was in keeping with the furnishings of the office. I had but three hours' notice of the hour to leave, so I locked the door of the house and handed the key to one whom I had been pleased to call a friend. Some time after reaching the States I was notified that all of my belongings had been stolen or destroyed.

At San Diego the entire crowd was cared for by the Red Cross. Each member of the party was given a ticket to whatever point he or she wished to reach, and money for food while en route. I went to New York.

I reached New York City with the hope of obtaining employment by some drug house, but there were no openings. Day after day I tramped the city in search of employment, but found none. I had saved a little of the expense money given by the Red Cross, and with that I was paying for an attic hall room and the little I had to eat. I was too proud to accept aid except it be as remuneration for service performed. I had accepted from the Red Cross, but that was gathering bread from the waters upon which it had been cast. I was as full of ambition as any young man, but the realization that I was growing old was forced upon me by meeting an old, grey-headed man whom I used to know as a gay young swell. From my personal feelings I could not judge of my age. I felt as young as ever. But the spirit never grows old. It is only the flesh that grows weak. One's joints rust out as do the hinges of a gate that swings against the vicissitudes of time, unless life is terminated by disease.

Every hope of gaining sufficient funds to establish myself in Florida, where I had a license to practice medicine, seemed to vanish like morning mist under a summer's sun. But never daunted, I searched with all the more vigor for employment, and each night I retired with swollen, aching feet from the unusual walking I had done.

At last a ray of hope came. It was a request from a wholesale drug house for a descriptive pamphlet of a new

combination of medicines they were putting on the market.

On the evening of which I had spent my last nickle for a plate of soup I handed in the manuscript. It was accepted and with the money thus gained I reached Brownsville, Texas, with fifty cents left in my pocket. There was not a soul in the town whom I had ever seen or heard of before.

My object in going to Brownsville was to recross the border and return to Guadalajara, because all avenues of support seemed closed to me and I would as soon risk being killed in Mexico as starve to death in the United States. But I found all communications were severed and reaching Guadalajara was an impossibility.

Fifty - Two

"MEXICAN OPINION"

The average Mexican entertains the idea the United States wishes to enevlope his country. American greed, so constantly preached into him by the more enlightened classes, intensifies his prejudice. He is prejudiced to the extent of a deep-dyed hatred which wrangles in his troubled breast, and is as ineradicable as the propensity of a wolf to steal.

It is believed by many that the root of the difficulty lies in the loss of that territory lying east of the Rio Grande, a claim to which the Mexican will never renounce.

He is jealous of the United States because he is inferior in education and industry. The country is overshadowed by an almost helpless outlook in that they, the majority of the inhabitants, being ignorant mixed Indians, do not want to improve.

The average Mexican is a selfish egotist who delights in the expression, "I am a Mexican. This is, of course, the result of his little learning, which is the father of his egotism. Egotism is like a certain shell of the sea which is only found in shallow water.

Strange to say, the unfounded idea of American imperialism has increased, notwithstanding the admanistration of President Wilson should have led to the contrary belief. Certainly the Wilson policy has shown the United States to be the best friend Mexico has today. There were grievous errors in his dealing with Mexico. His unprecedented leniency has increased the Mexican hatred because it has been construed into fear, and even a coward hates a coward.

On many occasions well-educated Mexicans have told me the United States would never dare enter war with Mexico because she knew too well the victory would be to Mexico. Could any other expression stamp a country more forcibly with its ignorance?

The erroneous opinion exists that the result of the World War has disabused the Mexican mind of the supposed American fear and impotency. Well, perhaps it has to some extent, but the masses in Mexico are not familiar with America's part in the World War. It is not a questionable statement to assert that a large percentage of those who would do the fighting in time of war do not yet know there has been a World War.

The existing revolution and recent revolutions grew out of the near state of bondage in which Mexicans, especially the lower classes, were held. The foot of Diaz had been upon the neck of the Mexican more than thirty years. The majority were practically slaves to the few. A laborer could not leave the man who employed him if he owned him anything, and it was sure no hacienda would let a man get out of debt as long as he wished to keep him on the place. In the cities the peon is a beast of burden. He carries everything upon his back—pianos, stoves, hay, coffins, corpses and everything else. A delivery wagon is a rare sight even in a city of an hundred thousand population.

During the regime of Diaz no one dared open his mouth against the Government. If a question was asked about anything derogatory to the Government the shrug of a shoulder would be the only reply. Any derogatory statement would result in the disappearance of the man. He would be taken to Mexico City and would never be heard from again.

President Madero was a good man. His heart was in the right place. But he conceived the idea his people had reached a stage of intelligence which would assure their being ruled by moral suasion. He was not long in finding out his great mistake.

The Indian nature asserted itself, and the Mexican, who is but a part Indian, construed the liberty for which Madero fought to be privilege to rob, murder and rape. Bands were organized all over the country, consisting of from a few to several hundreds, which roved at will and robbed, raped, murdered and burned in the name of liberty.

It is quite safe to assert that between 1910 and 1914

there was not a ranch or hamlet in the Republic which was not sacked either by revolutionists or federals. The federals soon adopted the schemes of the rebels and there was but little if any difference between them.

Thousands of foreigners were robbed and hundreds killed, particularly Americans and Spaniards. Some were butchered because they resisted desecration of their property or person. Many were killed just because they were Americans. The Mexican knew there would be no redress. He had come to know his acts would be considered "local incidents," no matter whether it was the murder of an American or the wanton desecration of the American flag.

The damnable policy of "watchful waiting" cost many a good American his life.

Fifty - Third

"MAJOR IN THE MEXICAN ARMY"

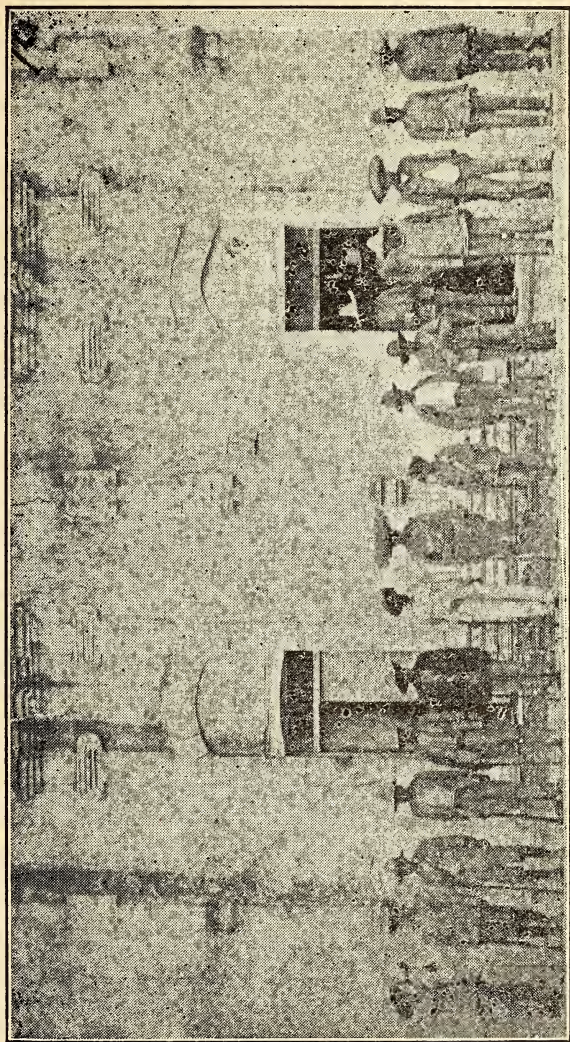
In sheer desperation I crossed the Rio Grande and united with the Mexican Army as a Major in the field hospital service. I was placed as second in charge of a hospital train which carried a guard of eighty mounted men, a corps of male and female nurses and spring wagons for cross-country work.

The Villistas, or revolutionists, were in control of Monterrey, and the railroad had been torn up by them as far south as Remones, a distance of thirty miles. It was in the territory between Monterrey that the spring wagons were used.

Whenever a night was passed in the country the hospital caravan was driven into some field and a strong guard placed at the gate, but no guard was placed at any other point. Anyone could pass in or out just so they did not pass through the gate. At the gate signs and countersigns were as religiously demanded as though the back and sides of the field were guarded by an impenetrable wall. I tried to instruct and discipline the guard, but soon abandoned the task. I could as easily have taught sheep to sing.

In every town where a stop was made there was a hospital established in the Catholic Church and horses were stabled in the side rooms. Wounded men were brought from the front in ox-wagons, or anything else which could be obtained. Many times a day and a night would be occupied in reaching the hospital, and during that time no sem-

blance of first aid was given. For this reason, and the love of adventure, I went to the firing line and I was the means of saving some lives which otherwise might have been lost.



Mexican Soliders at City of Mier

On one occasion there was a little fighting when the Colonel, the first in command, was in advance of the hospital department. He promptly returned, but he did not stop at the hospital, not even to say "Follow me!"

It was certain he believed in safety first. The fighting continued and the rattle of musketry came nearer and nearer. At nightfall a General, who commanded ninety

men whom he had recruited and for which he had been made a General, rode into the little village and commanded the Captain of my hospital guard to remain for resistance of the Villistas who were coming along behind him. The General also told me to get my wounded out of the place as quickly as possible.

In a short space of time the wagons were in line and everything was in readiness for the retreat. Every few moments a soldier would ride in with a bullet through some part of his anatomy and he would be placed in a wagon. One who was not wounded rode up to my side as I sat on my horse back of the hindmost wagon ready to give the order to advance. A sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the mount of the man at my side fell dead, and the rider rolled under the wagon unharmed. It was thought the bullet came from a houstop and was meant to relieve me, the "Gringo" doctor, of my military duties, just because I was a "Gringo," and the most satisfactory manner of getting rid of a man in Mexico is to bury him.

I ordered a Lieutenant to arrest the perpetrator of the deed, but he shrugged his shoulder and said, "Quien sabe quien, Major?" ("Who knows who it was, Major?") and that was the end of it.

The order was given to advance and the hospital on wheels moved on. The Captain commanding the guard must have forgotten the command of the General, because he took the guard to the front of the wagons and disappeared with them as quickly as he could. He left me alone to fight for the seven wagons of wounded men, if such became necessary. The valorous guard was not seen until the next day. I rode along with the wounded all night and looked after their necessities, notwithstanding I was alone and unarmed.

My Colonel had imagined urgent business at Remones, but he did not stop there. He must be a telepathic physician and had read Villa's mind, for he crossed over to safer ground around Victoria. One thing is certain, I have never seen him since.

The wounded were entrained at Remones and taken to the base hospital at Matamoros. There I simply "turned them in," without formality of any kind. No written orders were ever given me, nor did I ever give any in writing. Orders were verbal and often second-handed at that.

From Matamoros I was never able to return to the

front; in fact, there was no front except at the trenches in Matamoros. After a lapse of several days the Villistas reached the battlegrounds at Matamoros and a fight ensued. The firing from the trenches was continuous during the battle and was continued twelve hours after the battle was over and there was nothing to shoot at but the air laden with the groans of dying men and horses. This procedure is characteristic. Through some mistake, which I could never understand, the hospital train was taken up to the trenches while the battle was at its height. It made a special target for the Villistas and it was promptly perforated by bullets. Twenty-two bullets entered the car used by me as an operating room, office and residence. No one was injured except Major de la Vega, who was shot through the thigh in passing from my car to his own.

The train was taken back to a place of greater safety, but bullets continued to fall all around it.

While the battle raged I and Charlie Hill, an American Captain nurse, went to the trenches on foot. We took cover of a long line of freight box cars which had been placed on a side track for the protection of the city. Bullets penetrated the cars from side to side, in front, behind and passed above us. Captain Charlie suggested we were tempting Providence, but I persuaded him to believe if one of those bullets was made for him he would get it, but if not, he might walk to the mouth of the rapid-fire guns and not be scratched. There were Captains to spare anyway. In the guard of eighty men there were twenty with the rank of Captain, sixteen Lieutenants and three Majors.

When Captain Hill and I reached the trenches a few wounded men were found and sent to the hospital in the city, as the train hospital had been deserted by all but us two. However, sending them was of no special advantage because, unknown to me, every doctor in the city of Matamoros, military and otherwise, had fled to the American side of the river.

When night came on Hill and I were the only occupants of the hospital train. Hill watched bullets striking around, and I lost myself in the pages of "St. Elmo" until midnight, when I drew off my boots and slept upon the operating table, as was my custom to do.

All firing ceased before the dawn of the next day, and Hill and I went again to the trenches. We crossed over the rampart and went among the dead and dying Villistas

and horses.

One Villista was lying dead within fifty feet of the rapid-fire guns, and another man was found fifty feet beyond that point with a bullethole through his thigh. Farther on the dead were literally piled upon each other where they had been mowed down by the rapid-fire guns after leaving their horses, which had been held back by a barbed wire fence. Those guns did not do the usual Mexican overhead shooting. They were said to be manned by trained foreigners.

There was no doubt in my mind that the city of Matamoros would have fallen to the foe had there been no wire fences. The Villistas were drunk. Mexicans have to be drinking to fight that way. A Mexican drunk knows no fear. They have said to me, "Give me a bottle of whiskey and a rifle and I will march to the cannon's mouth."

The few living Villistas found were ordered to the city hospital, but the suffering horses were killed. A horse was groaning piteously and I ordered a soldier to kill it. I had given offense to my men by refusing to allow them to kill the wounded Villistas, and it may have been for that reason the soldiers gun was accidentally (?) discharged in the direction of my unmailed body. The bullet passed over me as I stooped low to the ground upon seeing the soldier throwing a cartridge in the rifle with the muzzle pointing directly at me.

The experience gained through my connection with the Mexican Army is like the reading of a fairy tale which can never be forgotten. Like some ludicrous dream, to think of it is to laugh.

Mexico still needs another Diaz, but there are none. Those capable of ruling have been wantonly butchered, or driven from the country. Nearly all of the better class of Mexicans have either left the Republic or been killed. The human sediment has been prodded until it has risen to the top and the whole face of the body politic seems hopelessly besmeared.

Growing tired of the Mexicans' fruitless, puerile efforts to establish a stable government, I recrossed the Rio Grande and entered the United States Public Health Service, which was transferred by President Wilson to the army establishment, and my deepest regret was that I could not transfer to France.

Fifty-Fourth

"A VISIT TO A 'CHIRO'"

I was requested to, and did, read a paper on "Medical Ethics" at a meeting of the Southwest Texas District Medical Society held in Corpus Christi.

On going from the hotel to the place of meeting I saw several large signs, one of which was a painting of a human spinal column. These signs were attracting the attention of the public to the wonderful man, commonly known as a "Chiro," who was claiming to cure all manner of diseases from diphtheria to diplospondulism by certain spinal manipulations, these certain spinal manipulations being known to all well-informed persons to be physical impossibilities.

My venturesome nature got the better of me and I knocked at the door of the office. It was opened by a man about forty years of age who proved to be the "Chiro."

It was a pleasure to me to see that he was no larger than I and that he did not appear to be much of a sprinter, so the following colloquy took place:

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I am troubled with what the doctors call prostate. Can you cure me?"

"I will first have to examine you to find out what your troubles are and then I can tell you about the cure."

"What will the examination cost me?"

"Nothing at all. We do not charge except for treatments."

"Will you hurt me any in the examination?"

"Not at all."

"All right then. Go to it."

"Strip yourself to the waist."

I climbed out of my clothing down to the belt and, obeying a previous order, I sat upon a stool. The "Chiro" got behind me and placed his fingers upon the south end of my chime. He tickled me like all fun, but I did not dare laugh just then. Almost instantly he exclaimed: "Ah, here it is! dislocation, or what we call sublaxation, of the last lumbar vertebra. That accounts for the prostate. Now we will look a little higher up. Have you never had any kidney disease?" "I guess I have, because I often have pain in my back, like frea bitings, you know."

The "Chiro" passed his fingers a little higher up my

back and exclaimed: "Here it is! A sublaxated dorsal vertebra which presses upon the kidney nerve. Now we will go on up. Have you had any heart disease?"

"I sometimes have palpitation of the heart when I get a little nervous. For instance, if I see a fellow who seems to be getting the advantage of me in business, or even with a girl, my heart flutters."

"Of course it will! Here is a subluxated cervical vertebra which controls the action of the heart."

I thought that was about enough for one man, so I stood up. I had been on my feet during the entire preceding forty-eight hours and had danced until after midnight, and if I could do all of that with three dislocated vertebra I was indeed unique. Of course I was sorry for myself, though I never had been in better health in my life. But I said to him:

"Doctor, I am in an awfully bad fix. Much worse than I thought I was. Can you do anything for me? Can you cure me?"

"I will be very candid with you, as we always are with everybody. We never under any circumstances misrepresent anything to anyone. I frankly tell you I cannot cure you. But I do assure you I can relieve all of the causes of your troubles and you will get perfectly well. When I get through with you, you will not be well, but your spine will be in perfect condition and you will be perfectly well in a very short time. You see the bones, by repeated adjustments, will be made to remain in place and then the diseases will get well of themselves. Do you know anything about the spine?"

"Not as much as I would like to know, doctor."

"I will show you," said he. And he brought out a vertebral column and went into a detailed description of sublaxations which seemed clear and wonderful to him but not to a man who knew he was attempting to deceive.

"How much, doctor, will it cost me to get well?"

"What is your occupation?"

"Doctor, I was born on a farm."

"Oh, I thought you were an office man. It will cost you twenty-five dollars for twenty-four treatments, taken two or three a week."

"My! Can I get well of all these diseases for twenty-five dollars?"

"Well, you may have to take two courses of treatment."

"Even that would be great. Think of getting well of three such diseases for fifty dollars! That would be fine."

"You are right, it would. And there is no reason why you should not be well. Do you live in the city?"

"No, doctor, I live in the country."

"You may come in any day you like for a treatment. You may take one now if you wish."

"Doctor, I will just think the matter over a little. This is so sudden, you know."

During the latter part of the conversation I was gradually leading him over to the door. When I reached it I took hold of the knob and expressed my thanks to the fellow for his candor and said to him:

"There is just one thing more I would say: I have been practicing medicine fifty years and this is the first time I have had an opportunity to learn for myself what sort of damned liars you fellows are." And I walked out of the door, leaving Mr. "Chiro" a perfect monument of surprise, as fixed to the spot as a cast iron nigger hitch post.

Fifty - Fifth

"AT A DOCTORS' BANQUET IN TE RIO GRANDE VALLEY"

Quite a lot of mirth was indulged in at the table, by short talks and anecdotes by both local and visiting doctors. I was called for and after getting off a few jokes on local conditions and doctors I requested a full-grown lady and a child to stand up by me, and I said:

"When friends meet around a festive table,
The time-honored custom, of all who are able,
Is to delve in hilarity and jest,
Each with ambition to rival the rest;
But it is befitting once in awhile
To indulge in thoughts too grave for a smile.
So let me divert, a moment or so,
By references to things you'd all like to know.
You do not know why you were given birth,
Nor how long you will remain on this earth;
From whence you came or whither you go,
Was never intended that you should know.
This life is but a narrow stream to span,
Today you're a child, tomorrow a man;

Then the far bank of that stream you must cross,
And you should do it without any remorse.
Your works will be writ on the public slate,
So do no deed unworthy of your state.
Ere you commit an act, reverse the case,
And put yourself in the other man's place.
Yesterday and today and tomorrow,
Each life will have its full part of sorrow.
Viewing us three, life's picture you will see
From which you may learn what your life may be.
We're a bud, blossom, a full-grown rose.
I was a bud, blossom, now a fading rose.
And from that fact, I've reason to suppose,
The time's not distant when my life will close.
But ere that occurs, let me impress this,
Time has taught me the only worldly bliss
Comes from a thing which every man can do:
Do to others as you'd have them do to you."

THE END.







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